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The Beaver

A Journal of Progress

H. F. HARMAN *J. S. BRAIDWOOD* *G. L. BELLINGHAM*

Snowshoeing on the Assiniboine

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1904, this party of H.B.C. men was photographed before a campfire on the frozen Assiniboine, six miles west of Winnipeg. In those far away days, the three snowshoers were clerks in the Service, Mr. Harman and Mr. Bellingham being in the land department, and Mr. Braidwood in the head office of the Company's "saleshops."

Father Time has thumbed over many leaves since the three clerks sat before this campfire on the Assiniboine, and though Mr. Harman is now Land Commissioner, Mr. Bellingham his assistant, and Mr. Braidwood has risen to the Assistant Stores Commissionership, it is said they still enjoy an occasional zestful tramp on the "webs" over leagues of new Manitoba snow. *Photo by E. J. Ransom*

"The Men of the Hudson's Bay

—OLDTIME FUR TRADE OFFICERS OF THE "GREAT COMPANY"

I

JAMES McDOUGAL

CHIEF FACTOR JAMES McDOUGAL entered the service as apprentice clerk, June 1st, 1862; was promoted to junior chief trader, 1872; chief trader, 1873; factor, 1879; chief factor, 1887. Retired on pension June 1st, 1902. Died June 28th, 1915. Mr. McDougal was stationed at Red river, Swan river, Peace river and Cumberland. At the time of his retirement he was performing the duties of an inspecting chief factor.

CRAIGFLOWER FARM

H.B.C. Agricultural Colony Founded by Factor Kenneth MacKenzie in 1853 Near Fort Victoria, Vancouver Island

THE first trespass upon Nature's preserves on Vancouver Island with a view toward the subjugation of forest and soil for building and agricultural purposes took place at a quiet little bend in the stream where Victoria Arm—far above the gorge—expands into Portage Inlet. The inlet is a beautiful sheet of shallow water surrounded by a fringe of willows, birches and fir trees, adding a sylvan waterscape to the other scenic charms of the locality.

Portage Inlet is not only a fine, placid surface upon which to spend hours in a canoe: it is useful otherwise as forming part of the dividing line between the electoral districts of Saanich and Esquimalt. The line of division is equidistant from its shores, but it cannot be seen without a surveyor's transit. Should there be a redistribution bill brought down in the B.C. legislature within the next two or three years, it may be difficult afterward to find it even with a transit.

Several thousand acres of land were selected in the early fifties by the Puget Sound Agricultural Company for colonization purposes on the south end of Vancouver Island. This tract was one of these selected areas.

The Puget Sound Agricultural Company seems to have been a sort of subsidiary scheme of the Hudson's Bay Company, though perhaps not officially recognized by that company as such. Its officers corresponded with prospective immigrants in England and Scotland, and in 1852 arranged with one Kenneth MacKenzie, of East Lothian, Haddingtonshire, to bring out twenty-five likely families for colonization undertakings. The little company sailed from England on the ship *Norman Morrison* in 1852, arriving at Victoria January 16, 1853.

Little preparation had been made for the accommodation of these colonists, there being practically no housing ready for their reception. Some of them were accommodated temporarily in the Hudson's Bay Company's fort at Victoria, and for others hastily improvised shacks and cottages were thrown up at the colony location. Kenneth MacKenzie had been from the first a far-seeing man. Anticipating superlative pioneer conditions, he had shipped with his supplies a small portable saw mill, and this was installed immediately on the stream alongside the proposed colonial area. He set to work at once to cut lumber for the necessary buildings, and soon was laid the foundation for the first farm dwelling erected on Vancouver Island.

The building was designed for the accommodation of several families arriving with MacKenzie. It had a wide hall dividing it in the middle and several roomy divisions surrounding a common kitchen in which the community food was prepared. For himself MacKenzie built a small cottage near the stream, in which he and his family dwelt until the other families were properly housed. Everything but locks, hinges and glass entering into the construction of this dwelling was hewed or sawn at Craigflower. Thus Kenneth MacKenzie became the actual founder of the locality which since that time has borne the name he gave it.

Establishing Industries

Inconsequential incidents sometimes lead to important results. Mr. MacKenzie met one day in the Hudson's Bay fort at Victoria a man whom he thought he had seen somewhere before. The man also eyed MacKenzie with interested curiosity, though neither spoke to the other. Later Admiral Bruce, then in command of H.M. flagship at Esquimalt, called on MacKenzie at Craigflower, and the former knowledge of each other was renewed. They had seen each other in the Old Country years before. The admiral complained of the rations available in Victoria, and asked MacKenzie if he could not undertake to erect a bakery and make biscuits and bread for the ship. The negotiations led to the erection of a small flour mill, a bakery and general store for trading. In the task of building these accommodations

the sailors from the navy enjoyed themselves almost irrationally lending their assistance in the work.

As settlement extended along Craigflower road and other houses became necessary, a brick kiln and a lime kiln were built and the materials for chimneys, fireplaces, paved floorings and the like were manufactured on the ground. A blacksmith's shop and carpenter's shop were also established for convenience of the colonists in the neighbourhood. All of these were the outcome of direct suggestion and supervision by Kenneth MacKenzie, and no Hudson's Bay factor exercised greater authority in a way than did he. Contemporaries speak of him as a competent, practical, hard-working but modest man, who never thrust himself into limelight, but paid strict attention to the things which fell within the realm of his responsibility.

During his incumbency as director of the agricultural colony he made provision for the education of the children of the colonists—as well as of his own, of whom there were eight—by erecting the first Craigflower schoolhouse. This was a modest building, 30x40 feet, but adequate for the then attendance. One Robert Barr, a qualified teacher, had been brought out with the company on the *Norman Morrison,* but as there was no school accommodation at Craigflower on their arrival, Barr was transferred to the first colonial school erected on the island a year earlier, then on lower Fort street. Having undertaken the erection of a school building, Mr. MacKenzie at once entered into correspondence with another teacher in England, and as a result of his negotiations Mr. Charles Clark arrived at Victoria in November, 1854. He took charge of the new school immediately and remained its master until 1859, being succeeded by a Mr. Russell, who held the position until 1865. At that date the attendance at the school was eighteen boys and eleven girls.

A ship, the *Vancouver,* had been wrecked near Fort Rupert, then very far north, but MacKenzie secured the ship's bell and installed it on the schoolhouse. Later, when the new Craigflower school was erected, this bell was transferred to its turret. MacKenzie brought also a terrestrial and celestial globe, both of which he placed in use at the first school.

Although there was at that time a fairly passable road into Victoria, there was no bridge across the stream running between the lands of the colony and the eastern side. MacKenzie cut the timbers and erected the first Craigflower bridge in 1854-55, little more than a year after his arrival in the place. Previously timbers were rafted across the stream and ox teams used to haul them to their destinations.

Troublesome Indians

During all this time extensive clearing operations were being carried on and the locality began to change its wilderness appearance to one of more settled and civilized character. The Indians located at Songhees reserve were not a little troublesome to these early settlers. Approach to the Hudson's Bay Company's fort at Victoria was by way of the Indian reserve. Horses were ridden to what is now the reserve side of Johnson street, and from there boat or canoe brought passengers across. Many of these early settlers missed their Mexican saddles and blankets on their return to their mounts and never saw them afterward. It is said of MacKenzie that he never suffered any such losses, as his simple, direct and generous treatment of the natives secured their loyalty, and they acted as guardians of his property rather than thieves.

MacKenzie continued to direct affairs at Craigflower for ten years, after which some differences arose between the Puget Sound Agricultural Company and the Hudson's Bay Company, these differences reacting on MacKenzie, who was made responsible for the costs of transportation of the colonists and much expenditure in connection with their settlement. The difficulties presented annoyed him considerably, and, failing of satisfactory negotiations, he withdrew from the colony and settled his family on what is still the MacKenzie farm on Lake Road, Saanich. Here he died in 1875, and was followed to the grave a few years later by his wife. Two daughters occupy the old homestead at the present time.

During the early years of this little settlement wild animals were troublesome at times. Wolves came quite

close to the settlement and often did much damage to flocks. The needs of H.M. ships at Esquimalt resulted in the establishment of a butcher shop, and this had to have flocks and herds as a base of supply. Raids on these herds by wild animals were not an uncommon occurrence. With the advent of extended settlement, however, this handicap was overcome. Deer wrought great havoc in the harvest fields, at times necessitating constant guarding of the fields. Pioneers of much more modern settlements in various parts of British Columbia will appreciate the difficulties of such a situation.

Cost of Education

As the cost of education is a burning question today, and must ever remain a matter of deep and painful moment to taxpayers, it may interest the public to know that the cost of tuition in the first colonial schools was fixed by the governor-in-council, sometimes by the governor in consultation with the teacher of a particular school. A schedule of fees was fixed in 1857 and the terms thereof were as below:

Boarding pupils of parents resident on Vancouver Island, eighteen guineas per annum.

Children of non-residents, not being servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, any sum agreed upon with parties interested.

Day scholars, five shillings per quarter, twenty shillings per annum.

For this sum day scholars were taught reading, English grammar, writing, geography, arithmetic and industrial training.

It would appear, therefore, that the question of "frills" was set at rest as early as 1857 by authority of the governor himself and his council in session.

For higher subjects, such as Latin, advanced mathematics, etc., an increased rate was to be charged, but this rate was arranged by the governor in consultation with the teacher of any particular school. All pupils had to provide their own textbooks and personal school accessories.

This system, with varying rates, continued in force for many years.

"Laying" a Ghost

Like all pioneer districts, Craigflower had its mystery tragedy with its consequent ghostly development. A few years ago, when the present Craigflower bridge collapsed, a span and excavations were being made in the soft clay for foundation for bents for better support, a human skeleton was unearthed. It was bleached completely, of course, and somewhat disintegrated. No trace of its identity could be found. A respected resident of the community, still living, though much advanced in years, believing in proper respect for even the bones of the dead, collected the disintegrated parts, depositing them carefully in an ample box secured for that purpose. This box he took to his home, placing it carefully, even reverentially, on a shelf

Craigflower House Today

To C. H. French, who for a great number of years has been closely associated with the history of Hudson's Bay Company in Victoria, we are indebted for the following very interesting information concerning the old Craigflower buildings, view of which is shown above.

The buildings in question are well known landmarks to Victoria people, but comparatively few know of their significance in connection with Hudson's Bay Company.

Owing to the Oregon troubles, the Company was compelled to find farms on British soil where their large herds of cattle, horses and sheep could be taken care of, and Sir James Douglas was instructed from London to secure a piece of property west of Victoria harbor ten miles square. Sir James knew that ten miles square would include many acres of rock that would not be all suitable for the purpose this land was required. He himself was a shareholder in the Company, consequently was able to persuade the London office that four selected farms would be preferable to ten miles square in one block. He therefore was allowed his own way, selecting four farms which he named, *Viewfield, Constance Cove, Craigflower and Langford.*

In 1852 Mr. Langford arrived from London as bailiff to Langford farm, and the following year, 1853, Mr. McKenzie and Mr. Skinner arrived as bailiffs for *Constance Cove* and *Craigflower* farms. *Viewfield* had been leased to Mr. Macauley, an H.B.C. servant, to run on shares.

The building in question was built by Mr. McKenzie almost at once after his arrival and has been in constant use ever since. It is made of logs and clap-boarded with material sawn from a sawmill erected at Millstream in 1846.

For years the centre of commercial activity was there, and it was for that reason that the first school outside the fort was built there.

The British navy, from 1855 on, had all their wants taken care of from *Craigflower*. A bakeshop was built especially for that purpose. The old oven still stands and is used as a root cellar. Fresh meat and vegetables were supplied in large quantities, and most all of the early Victoria buildings had their planed lumber supplied from the planing mill operated there.

in a lean-to back of the living quarters.

The fastening of the door was one of those old-fashioned latches with thumb lever for raising the blade. Not many nights had elapsed when the peaceful quiet of evenings in the old home began to be disturbed by the insistent rattling of the latch on the back kitchen door. Not only could it be heard, but its agitation could be seen plainly. Opening the door and peering into the darkness did no good; made no revelation. There was nobody there.

Repetitions of the disturbance and frequent investigations were regular incidents, with the same results always. Often in the middle of the night, when the aged couple were wrapped in slumber, the rattle of the latch at the kitchen door would arouse the sleepers from their deepest repose. But nothing could be seen, even with bell, book and candle.

At last the lady of the house protested against the presence of the bones in the shed and insisted on their removal and burial in Mother Earth. Though not in any way superstitious, pater yielded to these demands, dug a proper grave in the soil some little distance away and gave the erstwhile skeleton decent interment.

There has been no rattle of the door latch since; no impish or ghostly disturbance of nocturnal slumbers. Everything is at peace once more. This is the story as it is not only told but vouched for by one who does not believe in mysteries, but who asserts this is the truth.

Here, then, is further work for Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Conan Doyle.

A Delectable Dish

AMONG the old documents in the Company's archives recently forwarded to London is found the following entry in a mariner's log:

Port Naos, Lancerota, on board Brig "Vigilant," Long. 21°49 W., Lat. N. (illegible)

"All well. In great haste—just going to dinner on the tail of a shark."

(Signed)
James Davidson,
Captain

Jan'y 15, 1824.

DAVID THOMPSON OF H.B.C.

BLISS CARMAN'S POEM TO FAMOUS EXPLORER

An interesting part of the ceremonies at the dedication of the memorial hall to David Thompson, one of the most famous of Canadian explorers, was the reading of an original poem by Bliss Carman, which we here reproduce:

A grey coat boy from London
At fourteen came over the sea
To a lonely post on Hudson Bay
To serve the H.B.C.
A seeker of knowledge, a dreamer of dreams,
And a doer of deeds was he.

Before his feet lay a continent
Untraveled, unmapped, unguessed;
The whisper of the mysterious North,
The lure of the unknown West,
Called to him with a siren's voice
That would not let him rest.

'Twas but a step from the factor's door,
And the wilderness was there;
Rivers stretching a thousand miles,
Lakes for his thoroughfare,
And forests fresh from the hand of God,
Waiting his will to dare.

Plains that dipped in the edge of the sky,
Untracked from rim to rim;
The sorcery when the sun was high
On ranges far and dim;
The Summer morns and the Winter nights,
They laid their spell on him.

Where did they lead, those waterways?
Where did they end, those plains?
And what is the joy of the wilderness
Only its lover attains?
Ask little Whitethroat, Killoleet,
Who sings through the soft grey rains.

Wherever they led, whatever the end,
This lad must find and know
With pole and paddle and slender birch,
On snowshoes over the snow;
With saddle and pack and pony track,
'Twas his dream and delight to go.

From the Churchill to the Assiniboine,
And up the Saskatchewan;
Back and forth through all the North
His purpose drove him on,
Making a white man's trail for those
Who should come when he was gone.

THE PLAINS INDIANS

(*Continued from November issue*)

By REV J. HINES

RELIGIOUS BELIEF

THE plains Indians were not by any means unbelievers or irreligious. They did not know about God's love as manifested through Christ, neither did they ask the great Father for anything in Christ's name; for how could they call on "Him in whom they had not believed? and how could they believe in Him of whom they had not heard? and how could they hear without a preacher?"

Prior to that time no preacher had been sent amongst them.

They were children of nature, and nature had taught them that there was a great Supreme Being who had made all things and who controlled all things that he had made, and they called him *Ki-che-Mun-ne-to* (the Great Spirit) and sometimes *Kis-sa-Mun-ne-to,* (the Merciful Spirit).

They knew also from observation, as well as from personal experience, that there was another powerful force at work in their hearts and in the world whose tendency was towards evil, and this something they called *Mu-che-Mun-ne-to* (the Bad Spirit), and in their untutored minds they regarded them both as objects of worship; one, the object of fear, and the other, one whom they could trust. But they were very superstitious and regarded anything and everything that was beyond their comprehension as a kind of deity which had some influence upon their lives, and therefore felt themselves bound in some way to do them reverence.

The medicine man was a sort of high priest amongst them, and they pretended to believe in his incantations even more than in his herbs. This medicine man was supposed to have communication with spirits which revealed to him hidden mysteries by means of dreams, and many of the careless ones left everything as to their present and future welfare to him. They paid him well, and he spoke to the spirits for them. Without desiring to make any animadversions, one cannot help noticing, in passing, the close resemblance between the minds of these non-Christian people and certain people of the present day who call themselves Christians.

The religiously disposed Indians prayed often as well as on special occasions. For instance, if an Indian was going on a hunting expedition, he would most likely, before starting, speak to the Great Spirit, whom they also called Father, as well as to the spirit that was supposed to govern the actions of the particular animal they were going to hunt, and ask for guidance and success.

I have heard it said that a Blackfoot woman would take her child from her breast and place its little hand upon a block of wood, and then take an axe and deliberately chop off one of its fingers, and, having done this, would hold it up to the sun as a supplicatory offering with a request that her husband might return from his hunt with food for them to eat. I have never seen such cruelty as this myself, and I am not persuaded in my own mind that such cruel acts are really practised, such heartlessness on the part of a mother towards her child being utterly foreign to my experience; and besides I should feel more inclined to believe in the woman's sincerity if she spared the hand of her helpless infant and mutilated her own instead.

Indians that I have had to deal with believed in sacrifice, and often, in their heathen days, deprived themselves of food, or even necessary clothing, to appease the anger of the spirits that were supposed to be angry with them.

At certain seasons of the year, they held high festivals. These feasts were generally held in the spring and autumn. One of the spring feasts was called the dog feast, and was patronized by Indians, principally, who lived near great rivers. The large rivers in northwest Canada are very dangerous, especially in the spring of the year. As all these large water-courses take their rise in the south and flow north and eastward, it will be easily understood that the melting of the snow and ice in the south will take place weeks before the ice that confines the water in the northern parts of the said rivers shows any signs of decay or weakness; that the pressure of the water under this northern ice becomes very great, and, as has often happened in the past, without any apparent indication of the

ice becoming weak, it suddenly lifts and breaks up with the pressure of the undercurrent, and anyone who happened to be travelling on the river at the time would in all probability be drowned.

Two or three years after my arrival in the country, nine of my Indians were on an island in the river near Prince Albert. It was in the month of April, and they were making maple sugar, when, without the slightest warning, the ice broke up and, after running for a short time, jammed and formed a barrier in the river which caused the water to rise rapidly and the island to become inundated. Seven of the nine were drowned, notwithstanding that the island was not more than fifty yards from the mainland.

I remember, too, standing on the banks of the Saskatchewan river at The Pas watching two men crossing on the ice in the spring, when suddenly I noticed the men were passing by me as if floating down stream. They were walking and chatting together, watching where to put their feet so as not to get wet, and perfectly ignorant of what was taking place until I shouted to them that the ice was moving. When they looked towards the land they saw they were being carried away. The ice did not break up immediately, and they just had time to reach land before the rush of water and the grinding of the ice was both heard and felt. Had I not been standing on the banks of the mighty Saskatchewan at the time, these two men would probably have perished. This brings back my thoughts to what I was saying about the dog feast.

Just before the ice broke up, as described above, the Indians used to take a dog and, after going through a certain ceremony, would break a hole in the ice, through which the dog would be precipitated into the water under the ice. This was to propitiate the spirit of the river, for they thought from past experience that the waters had some annual right to demand the sacrifice of life, and the dog was sacrificed as a substitute for them and their friends.

There was another religious rite observed by the Indians in the past which was held in the spring, and in the autumn as well. It consisted of roasting an animal or bird whole. In the spring, it was generally the first goose shot after their return from the south, provided no bone had been broken in the shooting. A special tent was erected and other necessaries provided, such as bunches of dried sweet grass that had been gathered the previous autumn and tied up in bunches and dried in the house or tent. (When this grass is burning it gives forth a pleasant odour.) Everything being ready, the medicine man and those whom he named would enter the special tent and sit cross-legged around the roasted goose, which had been brought in on a spit and placed in the centre, and after the medicine man (their great high priest) had beaten his drum and spoken to the spirits, all would begin eating the goose, picking the flesh off the bones very carefully with their fingers so as not to disturb a bone, and when the flesh had all been eaten the skeleton was intact.

During this performance, certain young men, who had been previously chosen for the purpose and whom we will call *Nethinims,* took in their hands a bunch of the sweet grass and, having set fire to it, marched round the outside of the tent, singing an Indian dirge and waving on high their sweet incense.

Now, it has often been asked, from whence did the northwest Indians come? I am not aware that this question has been answered to the satisfaction of everybody, but, comparing their religious ceremonies such as the above with what we read in Exodus, XII chapter, 46th verse, and Exodus, XXX chapter, 34, 8th verse, and Psalm CXLI, verse 2, it seems to me that there was a time when these people were in closer touch with the people of the East than they are at the present time, and had a more accurate knowledge of certain religious observances mentioned in the Old Testament than they had at the time of which I am writing. Yea, some of their own legends indicate this.

They had a story of the deluge, and of a certain character who figured very prominently in the deluge which can without any stretch of the imagination be taken as representing Noah. They also spoke of their wanderings in the northland in these legends, and of their encountering difficulties on the way, the

greatest of these being a wide expanse of water, and, had it not been that some of their men had not forgotten their ancient cunning, they would have had to turn back to the land from whence they came. But these wise men constructed a very large raft, by means of which they were able to continue their wanderings. In short, there is everything to show that they came from the land where the Bible teaching was known, but, owing to their wanderings and having no written word to guide them, the Bible story, as generation after generation passed on, became legendary, and so became corrupted. Still, I maintain there is sufficient in their religious rites and ceremonies to indicate from whence they came, viz., from northern Asia via Behring straits.

An Indian's Prayer

On one of my earliest journeys in exploring the wilds, I took with me, besides my interpreter, a heathen Indian to act as guide. The day was fine, but the way was rough, and, as the sun was getting low, we began to look out for a good place to camp. Soon we found what we were looking for, but we came upon something else which had such an effect upon the Indian that nothing could induce him to stay the night near the place. In the days of which I am writing, it was the custom of the Indians to bury their dead either up among the branches of the trees or else by placing the body of the deceased on the surface of the ground and building a small log house over it to protect it from the ravenous beasts that prowled about the country. Well, it so happened that, just as we were about to halt for the night, our guide stumbled on a comparatively green skull. There were no signs of a grave near by, and it was probable that the wolves had scented a grave somewhere, had broken up the house and devoured the body, and carried the head some distance away. The Indian, in his wild state, is a firm believer in spirits; in fact, anything and everything that is beyond his understanding is looked upon as a kind of deity, and therefore to be feared and propitiated. But we will speak more of this later on.

After travelling on for about two miles, the Indian was prevailed upon to camp for the night, and, whilst I and my interpreter were removing the packs and hobbling the horses for the night, the Indian was engaged in collecting firewood and kindling a fire. Of course we Christians could wait patiently until supper was over before saying our prayers; but not so the Indian: he said his while waiting for the kettle to boil. Perhaps my readers will think it a strange sort of prayer that this heathen offered, but they must remember that this heathen had neither Bible nor any earthly friend to teach him how to pray. I could not join with him in his prayer, as I was alike ignorant of what was in his thoughts as of the meaning of his actions until they were explained to me by my interpreter. Then I saw how much there was in his prayer that was true and good, and how many thoughts we had in common. This was his prayer. He took his pipe and very deliberately filled it with tobacco. Having lighted it, he grasped the bowl with both hands and, stretching out his arms, pointed the stem upward toward heaven, and held it in that position for a couple of seconds. He then pointed the stem downward toward the earth. The next action was to point the stem in the direction of his home where his family were, then he pointed it inwardly at his own breast, and lastly he pointed it in the direction of the skull. The time it took to go through these different actions was only about ten or twelve seconds; he then smoked the pipe in silence. When he had finished, I asked him to explain the meaning of what he had been doing, and this is what he said: "I pointed my pipe to the sky, supplicating the aid of the Great Spirit *Ki-che-Muneto*, and then down to the earth, supplicating the bad spirit *Mu-che-Muneto* to protect my family, my friends and myself from the wandering and perhaps angry spirit of that skull which had been disturbed from its resting place." Thus far we have seen what some would call the "manual acts of his religion," now let us examine his prayer as it revealed to us the mind of the man. First, it showed a belief in a living God, and that God can hear man's supplications. It also showed a belief in a wicked influence which was to be propitiated.

(*To be continued*)

The Land of Silence

(*Continued from last issue*)

By GEORGE R. RAY, Moose Factory

Author of Kasba (White Partridge)

BUT the excited corporal snatched the coverings off him.

"Back be hanged! He's gone, gone for keeps; escaped while you slept; and there'll be the very devil to pay. You'll catch it hot, my man."

"Me no constable," *Kamenowaytum* told him with dignity. "Me Indian chief."

"That won't save you," said his companion threateningly. "Come, recapture him before the Inspector returns. He can't have gone far."

While the chief dragged the red ashes together and piled fresh fuel over them, the corporal jumped out into the snow and began running about looking for his snowshoes, crying: "Where's my snowshoes? Devil take it! I stuck them up here, and now they're gone."

A smile flickered on the Indian's lips; but in an instant it was gone, and he went out into the snow and searched also.

"Ye must be mistook," he said. "They must be somewheres, if you stuck 'em here."

"Nothing of the kind," returned his companion, hotly. Then suddenly he asked, "And yours? Where are yours?"

"I put 'em along o' yours," came the reply.

"Then he has taken both pairs with him so that we cannot follow. Good Lord! What a mess! I'll get broke for this. Follow him, chief. Track him. Find him, and I'll give you fifty dollars."

Kamenowaytum appeared to hesitate. At once his companion advanced the price.

"A hundred dollars."

"Alright," said *Kamenowaytum* finally, I'll find him."

But instead of moving off the old man returned to the fire and deliberately filled his pipe.

The corporal fumed up and down in the soft snow, chafing at the delay.

Suddenly a gust of wind struck the camp, scattering the fiery embers in all directions.

"By the holy makinhak!" cried the corporal. "It's going to storm!" He stood in the attitude of listening. "The Inspector is coming back!"

Meanwhile, with mind confused by the perplexities of his predicament, Bob Armstrong was making his way to the point where he was to intercept the packet men. The diabolical plot against his character so successfully carried into effect by Alec MacDonald and Bill Miner was a deadly weight on his heart. He turned the matter over in his mind incessantly. He was puzzled and angry, and Alec was not the sole object of his wrath. He anathematized himself not only for bringing in the case for Alec but his folly in promising to keep the matter secret. It was incomprehensible that Alec should skulk behind that promise when his sins had found him out. That his boyhood friend had allied himself with the man Miner to bring about this cruel wrong in order to promote the guilty schemes of the latter he could not know.

Bob had not got far on his way when the storm broke about him with tremendous force, the wind, coming straight from the west, the direction in which he had to go, cast its cutting ice-dust against his face. Notwithstanding this, he drew the hood of his coat closer about his face and persevered against the shrieking, ripping hurricane. Sometimes he would stop and strive to find some friendly sign by which he might locate himself, but soon the whirling smother masked the heavens and obliterated all landmarks.

Slowly it was borne in upon him that he was hopelessly astray. He had wandered off the track. The discovery was startling. He was utterly helpless in such a blizzard. The force of the wind was such that it was almost impossible to stand up against it. To dream of continuing his journey in such weather was simply madness. Yet he could not retrace his steps, for the drifting snow had covered his tracks and he had lost all idea of direction. He had no compass. He searched his pockets for matches. He had no matches. It was possible he knew how to light a fire by rubbing sticks, but no sane person would attempt to perform the trick in a raging blizzard.

He had no choice but to search at random for some shelter from the strength of the storm where he might make himself as comfortable as circumstances would permit, which would be very uncomfortable indeed. A slender chance, but miracles did sometimes happen. He realized fully that he was in a very dangerous plight. Only a calm and resolute mind plus a bit of good fortune could save him from perishing miserably in the blizzard. The thing was to keep a cool head and not get panicky. To fight the storm was to exhaust himself, which would be fatal: he would run before the wind, conserving his strength to fight the intense cold. After all he was physically fit; he was warmly clothed and could continue walking for hours. By that time the blizzard might have spent its force and he would be able to locate his position. He reasoned clearly enough, for the cold had not yet benumbed him. At once he proceeded to carry out his purpose. Turning his back to the wind, he put his head down and struck off blindly, sparing himself as much as possible.

Presently he found the hurricane did not strike him directly behind, but beat upon him from all corners, or so it seemed. He was among trees. He struggled on. It was herculean work now, for the snow was loose and very deep, and in spite of his snowshoes he sank half-way to his knees at every step. His breath became labored. Yet he dare not pause, for his strenuous exertions had heated him; his body was moist with perspiration and he would quickly freeze; the cold would penetrate to every bone and dull his senses.

After perhaps two hours, which seemed an eternity to him, he became aware of a significant fact; the storm did not strike him with such terrible force as before. Yet the wind had not gone down, for he could hear it howling like a pack of wolves all round him. He must have

walked into some shelter. He lifted his head and stared about him. Suddenly a huge dark mass loomed through the drifting snow. It was a frame house; he could see the corners through the snow. He leaned forward, mouth agape, for there was only one building of the kind in the community.

His blind wanderings had brought him to the mission.

CHAPTER XX

Mr. MacDonald Gets the Scare of His Life.

The scene changes to Mr. MacDonald's sitting room, a large and lofty room with three windows, furnished with a good deal of rude, heavy furniture usually found in houses in the far North, and with considerable harmony and taste. There was no carpet; a few rugs lay on the floor. The indispensable Carron stove stood at one side of the room, and the stovepipes, freshly covered with aluminum paint, gave the whole a bright, clean appearance. A large table occupied the centre, and several chairs, armed and unarmed, and couches were scattered about.

A solid-looking wood-box in one corner forced itself upon one's attention by its very appearance of clumsy strength and ponderous solidity. The apartment was lit by a coal-oil lamp of considerable candle power. A pretty looking clock ticked noisily on a shelf, and suspended before each window was an ice plant with tendrils hanging. Altogether the apartment was very cosy, very orderly, and extremely comfortable.

Rev. Armstrong and Mr. MacDonald were in the room. The first had been weeping, and sat in a deep armchair near the stove, his head leaning on his right hand, which covered his face. The strength that in hours of sorrow he had been accustomed to seek elsewhere seemed to have been withheld or but scantily to aid him. The other man paced the floor with hasty strides, blowing the smoke from his pipe in thick clouds toward the ceiling. Suddenly he stopped and stood regarding for a few seconds the almost broken-hearted father. Then he went up to him and, laying his hand on his shoulder, said, in a kind voice:

"Come, come, this will never do."

"My dear friend," replied the clergyman, looking up—he looked pale and fatigued, but perfectly calm—"I shall never be able to hold my head up again."

"Pooh! That's all nonsense!" said the chief factor in a cheerful and encouraging tone. "You are known and esteemed by all of us as an honorable, upright man, inspired by the true spirit of Christianity. Come, come, you must not give way like this!"

The clergyman sighed heavily.

"Confound it, man, don't look on the worst side of things. It'll all come right soon. Meanwhile the boy will come to no harm." He laughed, but without much mirth. "It'll do him good, the obstinate fellow; teach him a lesson; make him more careful in future as to whose commissions he executes. The scoundrel he is shielding out of a mistaken sense of honor, or something, can be nothing to him; for, unlike my scapegrace son, he does not associate with persons of that calibre. Yet what a peck of trouble he is making rather than speak the fellow's name. But it will all come out. Go to your bed; there is nothing to lose a night's sleep over."

The noisy clock proclaimed the hour.

"One o'clock! Good gracious, you must be off to bed at once."

"It would be of no use," said Armstrong wearily, shaking his head. "Sleep! How could I sleep with this disgrace hanging over me—with my poor boy under arrest."

"But, what will my wife say when she finds you have not lain in the bed she put at your disposal?" remonstrated his friend. Better go to your room and lie down; even if you cannot sleep it will rest you."

"You are right," said Armstrong, rising slowly.

"Hist! What is that?" said his host all on a sudden, holding up his hand for silence and standing in the attitude of listening.

The parson paused and gazed at his companion enquiringly.

"Why, there is someone entering the house," Mr. MacDonald announced with the utmost astonishment. Turning the lamp down very low, he dragged the parson back into the shadow, and they stood perfectly still, waiting.

Soon the door opened cautiously and a man's head appeared. The fellow looked swiftly about the room; then, catching sight of the two figures in the shadow, he was about to hurriedly withdraw, but Mr. MacDonald was too quick for him.

"Turn up the light," he shouted to the parson, and, springing forward, he caught the retreating figure by the coat-collar and dragged him into the room.

"So, I have caught you, sir! Stand close to me that I may truly see whether you are my son or no!"

Alec stood white-faced and nerve-stricken, staring stupidly.

"Well, sir," said his father, in a sharp, imperious voice, after carefully examining him from head to foot. "Where have you been that I find you stealing into the house at this hour of the morning?"

The boy hesitated a moment; then, no doubt feeling that by telling the truth he would soonest obtain his father's forgiveness, he stammered:

"The packet men gave a little dance as usual, and asked me to come."

"What!" said his parent, at once furiously angry. "You were dancing—a few hours after your boyhood friend had been dragged off to prison! And dare you tell me that?"

Alec quailed under his father's storm of wrath.

"Control yourself," said Armstrong soothingly. "You will disturb your wife."

MacDonald bit his lip, and when he next spoke he had himself in hand, though he was fully aware that the peculiar construction of the house made it almost impossible for the sound of his voice to reach his wife's ears.

"Get out of my sight," he said in a low, tense voice, pointing to the door. "Go to your room, I will settle with you in the morning."

Alec remained silent for two or three minutes, striving to muster his courage, and at last, when he did speak he had hardly succeeded in doing so.

(To be continued)

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The Beaver

"A Journal of Progress"

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Good Resolutions

WE suspect that quite a few are resolved to turn over a new leaf chiefly because the old leaf has been too long under the public eye. Therefore it is but natural for them to welcome the opportunity afforded by this venerable custom of "ringing out the old and ringing in the new" to start all over again in some respects.

This New Year will assuredly bring forth the usual crop of idealistic good resolutions, valid only until the heroic mood has cooled.

There'll be certain smokers, for example, dramatically resolving not to light another cigar during 1923; others will proclaim a perfect intention to become thinner or fatter (as the case may be); to go to bed earlier; to write home every week; to pick up and find a better boarding house or a warmer apartment.

The thoroughly experienced and habitual maker of good resolutions may smile knowingly when his friends grandiloquently announce 1923 resolves. Nevertheless, New Year is a good time for "self-inventory," an occasion for impartially reviewing the mistakes and disappointments and backslidings of a year's endeavour. Also at this season one may recall with pleasure and satisfaction the bad habits corrected and the tangible progress personally achieved during 1922.

The blatant or frivolous or grandiloquent resolution is ridiculous. The resolution, quietly and seriously made, to lay plans now for "getting somewhere" in 1923 is the resolution more to be admired.

Storekeeper or Merchant

A STOREKEEPER is as different from a merchant as a whittler is from a woodcarver. Their tools are the same but their purposes are not.

To the storekeeper, his place of business is just a building that must be opened after breakfast and closed as a prerequisite for supper. The storekeeper does not *thrill at selling goods*. It is merely a perfunctory duty with him. Spreading fly poison, counting eggs and waiting on customers are as one to him.

But the true merchant is of a different breed. He does not wait for business. He goes after it. Between steps to the cash register he is thinking up new selling ideas. In his display windows you do not find skates during summer nor hammocks in winter. He is up to the minute.

His counters, shelves, windows and advertisements and he himself always look *eager to sell goods*. Moving merchandise is the hobby he rides to and from the store each day. And competition is the storekeeper's challenge. It makes him either a merchant or a bankrupt.

Show Quality Goods

DON'T be afraid to show the better grade of goods, not because there may be a better profit in it, but because it gives the customer more satisfaction, and ultimately gives the store a higher standard. When a woman buys a cheap article she feels irritated when using it. When she buys a quality article she feels good every time she uses it, and thinks well of the store long after the price is forgotten. Remember, no house ever lost a customer because of selling good merchandise. Talk up the better grade of goods and you become a better grade of salesperson.

Salesmanship is the fine art of making the buyer feel as you do about the thing you have for sale.

Read the Advertisements

READ the ads—not only those regarding the merchandise you sell, but also the ads regarding other merchandise sold by the store—and read the ads of other stores. It will aid you very much in your work. The knowledge thus gained will demonstrate to your customers that a spirit of co-operation prevails in your store.

Badger Hole Radio

WE were talking of wireless telegraphy with an old H.B.C. fur trader who came to the prairies in 1862. He marvelled at the wonders of radio, but declared that a form of wireless was used in buffalo hunting fifty years ago. On a calm night, he said, the hunter would go out a short distance from camp, put his ear to a badger hole and hear the buffalo sometimes thirty or forty miles away. He said they could tell in this way whether the herd was a small or large one.

We wonder if there are any other old-timer readers of *The Beaver* who have used this form of "wireless."

NEW YEARS GREETING

Published 17 years ago by R. H. Hall, ex-Fur Trade Commissioner, in honor of

LORD STRATHCONA

Strathcona, our chief, bright star of our clan,
'Tis meet to send greeting o'er ocean's wide span,
Repeating the homage we owe to your name
And loyally due to your rank and great fame

Though scattered 'mid wildness of Canada's North,
Hudson's Bay men are loyal and well know your worth.
Can we stifle our pride and forget the great past
Of Strathcona who nailed the old flag to our mast?

Noble and true with the strength to do right,
Always the leader with keenness of sight.
Magnet-like pointing the straight path to tread,
Onward we followed wherever you led.

Under your banner for so many years,
None of us waver'd or conjured up fears;
Trusting our leader, we marched at his say,
Ready to follow and proud to obey.

Oh! King of Kings holy, give ear to our word,
Years add to the life of our Master and Lord,
Add all that can solace and make those years bright,
Love, gratitude, peace, and grace in Thy sight.

Greetings from London

THE GOVERNOR and Committee send to every individual member of the staff, whether in lonely posts or crowded cities, their heartiest wishes for a Christmas of good cheer and for a New Year abounding in happiness and prosperity.

Curiosity

WHAT is the golden ladder on which the baby climbs out of mere consciousness into intelligence?

Curiosity—nothing else. The constant reaching out for the untried (even though the reaching involves much upsetting of flower vases and many burned and bleeding fingers), the eternal *why*: the unquenchable *how* and *what*.

Some men climb a little way up that ladder and are satisfied.

They reach a point where the day's task becomes more or less automatic, where their feet follow easily along a familiar path. And they are content. They would not pay a nickel to see an earthquake; they would not open a new book, or stretch their minds in wonder at what lies even beyond the next desk above them, to say nothing of what lies beyond the stars.

Ceasing to be curious, they cease to grow.

For surely one secret of genius is this—the ability to remain interested in new things, even into old age.

—*Bruce Barton.*

Buyer Should Be Guided

THE buyer should be guided in the conduct of his department, in order to operate consistently with his concern, by:

1. The policy and principles of the organization.
2. The standard of public impression and prestige.
3. The quality of goods handled.
4. The class of patronage catered to.
5. The service advocated and practiced.

The temptations and dangers of departing from these paths are frequent and call for strength of character and purpose, especially when a remarkable purchase may lend itself to exaggeration, or when there is an opportunity to secure at an inviting price something that "looks just as good," or when "the customer can't tell the difference," yet it is below the standard in some way and jeopardizes in the least degree that highly valued, hard won "perfect confidence" and good-will which are the foundation stones of every reputable long-lived institution.

TO THE FUR TRADE STAFF—

THIS magazine belongs to you just as much as to the stores' staffs, even though it is true that stores' employees outnumber fur trade employees about eight to one.

And you fur trade men are doubtless aware that it would be impossible for any newspaper or periodical to be published without the aid of *reporters*. There may be scores of clever writers among you, and surely from month to month a great many interesting things happen at H.B.C. posts and district offices.

But unless you convey intelligence of these matters promptly to our little family magazine the news is valueless and the fur trade department suffers by way of comparison with the showing of news made by the land and stores departments in *The Beaver* each month.

These latter departments have their *Beaver* organizations, comprising a regular staff of reporters and correspondents who are responsible for covering every single event of importance.

Similarly, each post and outpost of the fur trade should have its *Beaver* representative who will send an article or at least news notes or photographs monthly to the *district manager* (who is an associate editor), this officer in turn forwarding material to the fur trade commissioner for his *vise* before publication.

It is the editor's ambition to make *The Beaver* interesting, and the fur trade department will always receive the consideration that is due it as the *senior branch* of the service.

Wake up then, fur traders! Don't allow a few of your number who have the name of being "writers" to do it all. Don't be afraid of "getting the laugh" from your comrades in the north if you write up an interesting experience for us. Remember, what is but ordinary work or prosaic duty to you may have a tinge of romance and adventure from our point of view.

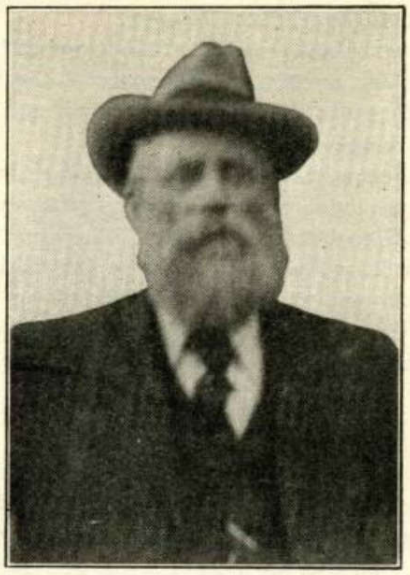
This magazine belongs to you. Why not make better use of it?—*The Editor.*

A. W. Patterson Dies

WE regret to report the death on December 7th last of A. W. Patterson at North Bay, Ontario, following a paralytic stroke. Mr. Patterson retired from the service on June 5th, 1922, at which time he was district manager for Lake Huron district, with headquarters at North Bay. Mr. Patterson had been connected with the H.B.C. fur trade since 1876.

H.B.C. Pensioned Officer Dies

DONALD McDonald, former H.B.C. officer at Fairford, Manitoba, passed away on November 28th, 1922, aged 77 years. Mr. McDonald was for many years in the service of the Company and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. He was a native of Scotland and came to H.B.C. Western Canada in 1862, landing at York Factory. He is survived by a wife, five sons and four daughters.



Donald McDonald

VANCOUVER

THE VANCOUVER STAFF OF THE BEAVER *SENDS GREETINGS TO EVERY EMPLOYEE IN THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S SERVICE AND COUPLES WITH IT BEST WISHES FOR A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.*

MR. LOCKYER'S MONTHLY MESSAGE

XI—Are You Ready for Promotion?

DO you ever stop and ask yourself where your service in a large business such as this is going to lead you? And do you ever ask yourself whether you are fitted for a higher position in the event of it being offered to you?

I am afraid there are too many these days who do not indulge in this mental cross-examination, and who feel that promotion has not come to them simply because they are "out of luck."

Let me tell you that in nine cases out of ten, or perhaps even in nineteen cases out of twenty, the so-called "lucky" man or woman is the *competent* man or woman.

Look around and see those occupying the higher places in life, and, almost invariably, you will find a man or woman who has put in years of the hardest kind of work, with the closest possible attention and effort, in order to reach their present position.

Do you realize that, even with the Company's present determined policy of making promotions within the service, it sometimes happens we have to go outside to secure a man or woman with expert knowledge?

And do you realize that we have positions to fill in this very store today, if we can only get the right kind of people with the right kind of experience? *Nov. 28, 1922.*

Never put off till tomorrow the foolishness that you can drop today.

Opportunity often roams around disguised as hard work.

When time hangs heavily on your hands, use your hands.

Wear the enamel off an excuse and beneath you will find a lie.

A man's popularity is frequently due to what he doesn't say.

We understand that there is but one bathtub to every 800 inhabitants in France. Probably the origin of the term, "French Dry Cleaning."

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

WE have made many, and these can only be filled with your kind co-operation: We want Vancouver contributions to *The Beaver* to be the best in *The Beaver*.

We want Vancouver's quota in *The Beaver* to be the biggest in *The Beaver*.

We want Vancouver's contributions to be the most newsy, so that every reader of the magazine will turn to Vancouver's news first and never suffer disappointment.

The Beaver is part of the Company's service, and to be loyal to the Company you must be loyal to *The Beaver*.

If you know anything that is interesting to you that you think will be interesting to all in the Company's employ, tell them about it through *The Beaver*.—*Associate Editor*.

MAIN FLOOR NOTES

Glad to welcome as floor managers on the main floor for the Christmas season, Mr. Jolliffe, Mr. Rose and Mr. Spink. It looked like old times to see Mr. Spink in harness—the job was just made for him, or he for the job.

The managers' sale was a real event. Talk about crowds! it looked as though all Vancouver were in the store in the afternoon, and in the morning as though they were all at home. Looks as though every morning should be an afternoon.

Some floral department! You bet we are proud of it, its large plate mirrors, daintily enamelled lattice-work as a background for glorious flowers and ferns—another department that will soon outgrow its quarters, we predict.

The Christmas decorations never looked better or more seasonable—the same old bell, lots of Christmas suggestions, and thousands of bright tickets carried out to perfection the store's slogan of *The Store of a Million Gifts*.

G. Crump was the winner of a very useful gift given by the management for the largest increased business during the department managers' sale. Congratulations, Mr. Crump! We think you should share up with the advertising man.

A welcome visitor during the early days of December was C. W. Veysey. We say welcome, because he was one of Vancouver's staff in the early days, and as such some of the old-timers still consider him as one of themselves.

H. H. Hollier was also a visitor to the store for a few days. He too was formerly on the staff of Vancouver, and, in spite of the fact that he's a very busy man, he's never too busy to pass the time or to give the glad hand to those he knew in the former days.

THIRD FLOOR NOTES

We welcome as a temporary member of the staff Miss C. Woodward, formerly of J. Lewis, of London, England, and give her a double welcome now that she is here permanently.

Another newcomer to the third floor is R. S. Towel, in the staples section, and we hope it will be but a very short time before he feels quite at home.

Who said Ireland's only occupation nowadays was making and firing bullets? Mr. Nicholson issues a defy with the finest showing of Irish fancy linens ever shown in this country and swears they are this year's stock.

Miss D. Pomfret was the recipient of a shower at the home of Miss Burdett, 673 Hornby St. Among those present were: Mrs. Bailie, Miss Parker, Miss Wilson, Miss McWilliams, Miss Legg, Miss O'Grady, Miss Dickie, R. Molen and E. Nicholson. After a delightfully served supper, the evening was given over to dancing, music and fortune-telling.

Christmas Publicity

By F. S. GARNER

SOMEONE has said (and authoritatively of course) that there is no rest for the wicked. If that is so, then our display and advertising departments are certainly a pretty bad lot. This is always a busy season of the year, but, with extra enthusiasm to create the biggest Christmas business on record, everything humanly possible has been done by these sections to compel attention, create interest and a desire to buy.

The evening of November 30th had hardly closed on the biggest day of the department managers' sale when a full page ad. appeared in the daily papers telling the people that the store was ready with a million practical gifts for their selection. An 88-page Christmas catalogue, literally crammed with tempting illustrations of suggestions for Christmas gifts, was hurried to 8000 people in the country. Attractive Santa Claus letters were got ready to answer the enquiries of the little ones whose belief in Santa Claus has not been killed by riper age. And Santaland was opened—although not officially until Saturday, December 9th. Then Santa was there (not himself of course, because the real Santa Claus never shows himself to the people, but his representative), a jolly old chap with a bright, cheery smile, red coat, high boots, grey hair, and

long whiskers). He had a new stunt to work off such as has not been used in this city before—and it's good. Santa was in his bungalow, while screened off so that no one could see her was a clerk with letters and envelopes ready for delivery, except for the name.

As the children came to see Santa and told him their name, Santa repeated it so that the clerk could hear, and she wrote the name on the envelope and put the letter in a post rack. Then Santa said, "I think I have a letter for you," and went to the post rack to get it. Imagine the surprise of the child upon learning that Santa had a letter for him or her!

On December 7th a letter, together with a 36-page gift suggestion booklet, was sent to the Company's city patrons. This, too, had several new ideas which made it worth while. So much for the publicity department. While the advertising department was working, the display was putting on "double steam" with Christmas windows such as were never seen before in Vancouver —interior and exterior store decorations of Christmas atmosphere that would do credit to a city as large as New York, and Christmas price cards unlimited. Yes, the publicity departments never worked harder than this year, but, if the business comes that is expected, we will have received our reward.

Season's First Dance

By H. R. P. GANT

OUR first dance was held last month at the B.C. Manufacturers' building, when approximately 250 H.B.E.A. members and friends waltzed and trotted to the strains of Billy Garden's orchestra.

Climatic conditions on this particular evening were none too kind to us, and no doubt the heavy rain accounted for the non-appearance of quite a number of our usual patrons.

It was noted with much satisfaction that the department managers were well represented, and our guests included Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Lockyer, Gilbert Lockyer, Dr. J. W. Ford, and A. J. Watson.

A buffet supper was served.

The check-room receipts amounting to $12.65 are being forwarded to the Wall street children's home, which is one of the most deserving institutions in our city. The committee in charge consisted of the following:

Miss H. Turner	*F. Bishop*
Miss R. Bryant	*R. Hood*
Miss E. S. Morley	*R. Mair*
Miss Grant	*B. M. Clarke*
Miss B. Blake	*D. Dale*
Miss Alexander	*Elcock*
Miss G. Macfarlane	*P. Timmins*

H.B.C. Brochure Valuable

A COPY of the brochure issued by the H.B.C. on the occasion of its 250th anniversary was recently put up for auction in Vancouver and commanded a most commendable figure. The auctioneer, when offering it for sale, said it was the most authoritative piece of Canadian history ever published, and recommended it to his buyers as a wonderful acquisition to their libraries.—F.S.G.

J. L. Edgar Comes to H.B.C.

J. L. Edgar is acting manager of the fur department. He has been in the fur business for the past twenty years, during which time he has been connected with some of the best fur houses in Canada and the United States. During the past three years Mr. Edgar was sales manager for B. Holt Company in this city, and he has made many acquaintances and has a big business connection.

We welcome Mr. Edgar as one of the store's company, and hope he will soon feel at home in his new surroundings.

Little Scotch Girl Writes Santa via H.B.C., Vancouver

NEARLY 6000 miles from Vancouver is a little place called Musselburgh (a town of 20,000 people, situated on the Firth of Forth about 20 miles from Edinburgh), a fishing town where the Scotch lassie still retains her old-time fisherwoman's dress with large white bonnet, high waisted full-pleated skirt, and gingham waist, and whose children are still brought up to believe in their kindly Saint Claus as a rewarder of good things in accordance with the manner in which they have behaved during the past twelve months.

And from this little town came three letters addressed to Santa Claus, care Hudson's Bay, Vancouver, B.C., one of which is printed below.

Miss Lizzie Hyde,
36 Manse-Field Avenue,
Musselburgh, Scotland.

Dear Santa Claus:

I wish you a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. I hope you put a Pip Squeak, and Wilferd Annual, and a box of paints into my stocking when I hang it up. I hope you have a safe journey, and that you will answer my letter. I will put a bit of advertisement in my envelope. I will close,

Sincerely,
Love from
Miss Lizzie Hyde.

Who knows but that some great-grandfather of this little child was one of those hardy men who blazed the trail of this continent in the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company—the Great Traders of the Great West who for 200 years kept this country of ours in trust for the British empire. Hence, it is not surprising that the faith these children have in Santa Claus, care the Hudson's Bay Company, has been retained, resulting in the sending to each of them the things they asked for, together with a letter from Santa apologizing for its tardy arrival.—*F. S. G.*

VICTORIA

Store Notes

On a certain morning a short while ago our trouble adjuster arrived at the store with a more than ordinary worried expression. Two hours later he was all smiles and felt quite like jumping over himself. No trouble was so great that he could not adjust. Why? Because he had just become the proud father of a bonnie son. We trust Master Roberts will soon be able to help his father to adjust the many weighty problems that are continually cropping up.

Two things many of our staff would like to know: Why our main floor manager looks so down-hearted when he makes, on behalf of the staff, presentations to brides-to-be? and why our merchandise manager always looks so pleased after the presentation is made? Some of us know—but it takes lots of nerve and experience.

We know our old friend "Smoky" Wills reads his *Beaver* every month while in Tranquille sanatorium, so everyone sends him the best wishes for the New Year. By the way "Smoky," you gave Shorty Pollock lots of good advice when training him for department 19. Now you are away, he goes to the rink and attempts to race our champion lady speed skater. Please write and tell the boy he's not built for speed.

We understand that one of the porters has learned how to economize on coal during the cold weather. He brings the key of the coal shed to work.

Why does another of our porter friends reserve all his most gracious smiles for the laundry girls each morning?

Who was it on the lower main floor who was so anxious to place the mistletoe in a convenient place?

Was it quite necessary for the members of the grocery stock-room staff to obtain a watchdog to guard their hammers?

Miss Cora Lister, Miss Allen, Miss Carol Poore and W. F. McGibbon: welcome to the lower main floor.

Overheard on the lower main floor: Santa Claus, to sweet young lady of seventeen—And what would you like, my dear?

Sweet young lady—Please, Santa, I would like an engagement ring and er-er a camera.

Edie, of the toy staff, is quite embarrassed at times because the dolls walk after her and say "Mamma."

Talking about toys, children often have good cause to complain about their elders taking possession of mechanical toys which have been given to them for Christmas. For instance, the other day a grown-up man was seen driving around in a Ford car!

We understand that Mr. Jones of the time-keeper's office has gone in for keeping fancy chickens. He likes all sorts, but which kind does he fancy most?

RESTAURANT ITEMS

Prosperity seems to be looming up among the members of the restaurant staff. Our head waiter has purchased a car and may often be seen about midnight driving around Beacon Hill park for practice. But how many chickens did he run down?

The "California fever" is continually breaking out, and the latest to fall a victim to this dread disease is one of our waitresses with very fair hair. We hope she will soon get over it. Another prominent member of the restaurant staff who has been suffering in the same way is now becoming convalescent. Was it the gentle art of persuasion and the prospect of an early honeymoon that accomplished the cure, Ollie?

With the kind permission of the store management, a very pleasant social gathering was held by the restaurant staff in the *Victorian* restaurant on the evening of December 14th. A full orchestra, arranged by Mrs. Steitz, with little Bobby Mee at the piano, led the dancing, and during the evening many old-time games were greatly enjoyed. Mr. Hibberd with his usual energetic ability "turned on the juice" and gave a good boost to the proceedings.

HUDSON'S BAY FOOTBALL TEAM, 1922

Reading from left to right: Messrs. Nichols (secretary), Parkes, Turner, Allcock, Waude, Stewart, Smith, Shrimpton, Sewell, Allen (captain), Weeks, Richardson, Woodley, Stanhope (manager).

Football

The much advertised match is over. We mean the one between Weilers and Hudson's Bay. In spite of prophesies, the score resulted 1-0 for Hudson's Bay.

Congratulations to Jimmie Allen, Percy Shrimpton and Davie Stewart, who played such a splendid game. Our new friend, Mr. Caskie, on the right wing, certainly has no equal in Victoria, and to him as well as to Messrs. Amstead and Phillips we extend our best wishes for the season and welcome them into the ranks of H.B.C. athletes.

A TALE OF CHRISTMAS—*TIED*

There is a member of the staff
Of the good old H.B.C.
Whose case is really very sad
And has our sympathy.
For every year, quite regularly,
Downstairs this poor boy hies.
If you want to know where he is, dear friends,
You'll find him—selling ties!
And every year, at the same old time,
We hear his groans and sighs,
But in spite of all, at the Christmas call
He's downstairs—selling ties!—*L. G.*

Presentation

On Saturday, Dec. 2nd, a pleasing little ceremony took place on the main floor, when Mr. Lovatt, floor manager, presented, on behalf of the employees, a beautiful silver tea service to Miss Olive Poore and her fiance, Cyril M. Curtis, both popular members of the Company's staff, whose engagement has been announced.

The affair had been kept a secret from the recipients and, on being summoned to the main floor, Miss Poore was greatly surprised. Mr. Lovatt referred to the popularity of Miss Poore and Mr. Curtis and extended to them the best of wishes for their future. The presentation was made with the gathering singing "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows." Miss Poore made a brief reply, thanking all who had been so kind and thoughtful in making such a useful and beautiful gift.

A miscellaneous shower for Miss Poore was given at the home of Mrs. Geo. Bayliss, of Pendergast street, on Monday, Dec. 4th, when about thirty people were present and some beautiful and useful presents were showered on the recipient, who in a brief but delightful manner thanked all her friends for their kindness.

Sports News

The hockey team is away to a good start and manager Stanhope is to be congratulated on his great lineup. It does look as though the McConnell challenge cup is due for an extended stay in the Hudson's Bay store.

The players do not intend to take chances, for they have as captain Art Mann, who did such good work last season.

Secretary Jack Gard is also right on the job. By the way, we notice Jack is favored in more ways than one. If all the young fellows made a practice of attending the hockey matches they too might be favored in the same way, for the girls do like company.

The H.B.C. basketball team is making rapid progress in the Victoria community league. At the initial match held at the armories over two thousand people witnessed the struggle.

The H.B.C. are up against some exceptionally good teams. But, trust the boys in green and gold to carry our colors to victory.

The residents of Otter Point turned out in full strength to see the basketball match between Hudson's Bay and Otter Point teams. The supper and dance which followed was thoroughly enjoyed, and we take this opportunity of thanking our Otter Point friends for their hospitality.

A Fine Testimonial for Imperial Mixture

THAT Imperial Mixture is well packed and is appreciated in other lands is evidenced by this letter recently received from R. D. Waugh by his brother in Winnipeg. Mr. Waugh was formerly mayor of Winnipeg and is now on the Saar Valley Commission.

Amstaden, 10 Saarbrucken,
November 1st, 1922.

"We have just had lunch and I am writing this in my office at the house, all the windows open and smoking the old pipe with Hudson's Bay 'Imperial Mixture' in it. I don't know that I ever told you that I found some Hudson's Bay Mixture in Strassbourg that had been packed since 1910. I bought the lot and found it just as good as usual. I sent some to the Secretary of the League of Nations at Geneva, and he thinks there is nothing like it."

WINNIPEG

WINNIPEG sends Greetings and Best Wishes for a prosperous and happy 1923 to all other branches where *The Beaver* is read.

The following *Beaver* reporters have been appointed. All items of general interest should appear in our columns. Please give them all the co-operation in news gathering possible.

Floor 3—G. Foster, Miss Edna Hall, Miss Lilian Johnson.
Floor 2—L. Jones, R. Cunningham, G. Avison, W. Horwood.
Main Floor—Miss Parker, Miss Evans, Mr. Hardiman, Mr. Pearen, Mr. Aulis.
For Girls—Miss Goldah Simms, Miss Sadie Birch, Miss Grace Gunn, Miss L. Boake.
Workrooms—C. Healy, S. Rogers.

The Big Christmas Party

was an unqualified success from every angle. From 6 p.m. until almost 11 p.m. the night of December 8th every member of the store family forgot business and gave themselves up to fun. A chicken feast with plum pudding, etc., was first done justice to. Then from 7 until 8.30 a concert was enjoyed immensely. Miss A. Burnett, F. Tittle, G. Gibbs and Miss Saunders were responsible for this part of the enjoyment and pleased all by clever singing and dancing.

Then came a big s'prise, as the program called it. A huge plum pudding was carried in by four stalwarts and placed upon the stage. The music began, and out of the pudding jumped a little fairy who sang and danced sweetly. She was Miss Alfreda Shepherd, a dainty and pleasing little miss of about eight years.

During supper and after our own H.B.C. orchestra, consisting of Messrs. L. Atkin, G. Foster, G. Garwood and F. Dodman, kept things humming with music, jazzy and otherwise, everybody joining in community choruses.

After the concert the floor was cleared and dancing indulged in by scores of couples. In another department a whist drive was held simultaneously.

First prize for ladies' whist was won by Miss Horsfield, for men by T. F. Reith. Ladies' booby prize went to Miss Bushby, men's to Mr. Aulis. A prize draw for programme was won by Florence Winslow and Sam Kavalic.

During the course of the evening a

short address from Mr. Ogston was heard, in which he expressed thanks for the loyal co-operation of all the staff in the work throughout the year. He expressed gratification at the satisfactory progress made during a year of difficulties, and looked with confidence to the store's future welfare if all continue working together in such harmony.

Retail Curlers

AS an opener for the season's activities a president *vs.* vice-president match was scheduled for Monday, December 11th, at the Deer Lodge rink. Although the fiercest blizzard in years was raging a full turnout enjoyed a good night's sport.

Vice-president Parker's rinks won against President Pearon by 50 to 46, every game being closely contested.

President		*vs.*	*Vice-president*	
Pearon	7		Parker	11
Ogston	8		Mills	8
Scott	8		Reith	9
Bowdler	7		Healy	6
Hughes	6		Lee	10
Beggs	10		Firme	6
	46			50

The regular league schedule, with the above skips participating, is now in full swing, games taking place every Monday from 8 to 11 p.m. at Deer Lodge.

Educational

Mr. Hughes attended the weekly meeting of the grocery staff held November 22nd and gave an interesting talk upon "Knowing Your Merchandise." Mr. Whalley also gave some valuable pointers on modern salesmanship.

The members of this "live" class enjoy the gatherings more and more each week. The results are certainly gratifying to those who inaugurated the idea. The good work is reflected in more efficiency and fellow-feeling in their daily contact one with the other and with the customers of the grocery.

The managers' Wednesday morning meetings continue to interest and do a lot to aid the spirit of get-together and harmony so necessary to the smooth running of the store. Mr. Whalley was heard in a very pointed talk on "Co-operation Within a Department," and showed how results were obtained in the grocery. Upon another occasion Mr. Wood, credit manager, spoke interestingly on "How the Credit Department Can Aid Sales" and *vice versa*.

Hockey

On Wednesday, December 6th, a retail hockey club was formed. Quite a lot of interest is being shown and a considerable amount of talent discovered among the staff. The boys are practising faithfully every Wednesday at Fort Garry rink. More will be heard from them next month. R. McLeod is team manager with G. Avison, asistant.

Members of the H.B.C. curling club got away to a real start on the 11th. One enthusiast from the Fort Rouge district, on arriving in the wilds of Deer Lodge in the midst of the blizzard, was heard to murmur, "Gee, do people actually live out here?"

Store Notes

We are all glad to see Bert Leckie up and about again after his two serious operations for appendicitis. Although very weak in body, his cheery spirit should soon put him right. It was remarked at the time of his operation, "He took gas. Fancy one of the famous wallpaper staff needing gas. We thought there was enough and to spare in that department."

Fred Parker and a capable staff of assistants composed of *Messrs. Ashbrooke, Niven, D. Coulter, J. Whalley, Misses Booth, Conley and Parker* are to be congratulated on the success of the big Christmas party. They worked hard and untiringly. Lots of credit is due them for the smooth running of every detail and the hearty enjoyment prepared for all.

Mr. Lonsdale, Hoover salesman, is a proud and happy man these days. He is the father of a bouncing baby boy, born November 24th. Everybody doing nicely, thank you. He wishes it to be known it's a real baby, not a "Baby Hoover."

Two of our fellow employees were signally honored last month, the occasion being the big masquerade of the J. Robinson company at the Fort Garry Hotel. Miss Agnes Parker and Tom Johnson officiated as dancing and costume judges and acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of all.

GUESS WHO THIS IS?

You have all bought sweet things from her!

My! But it's nice to stand and smoke and think.
And think and smoke and wish and fish,
And smoke and think and fish and wish
That you could catch a fish.—*Huck Finn.*

Signs of Increasing Business

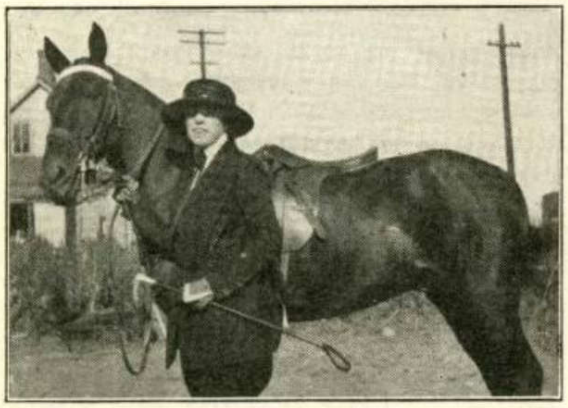
—Enlargement of adjustment bureau
—Crowds at the employees' luncheon wicket
—Lineup at the post office
—Bulk of parcels taken home by the staff on Christmas shopping nights
—Demand for H.B.C. calendars

In China Department—

Customer, admiring hand-painted cup and saucer which had no price ticket—This china is priceless. (Hudson's Bay goods have always been noted for their quality).

"Ain't we got fun?" ask the g-r-o-c-e-r-y and orchestra about the big Christmas party!

Even the cold snap fails to check some of the budding romances around the store.—*L. Boake.*



Who is this? A well-known saleslady of the main floor. You have three guesses.

Miss Parker of the lace and ribbon department is becoming quite an accomplished equestrienne. So that's what causes the bloom on her cheeks! We often wondered!

Land Department

Below is given the standing of rinks in the land department curling club, which began a series of friendly games on December 7th. The competition for the land department cup begins December 28th and will be in progress until February 15th.

Skip	*Played*	*Won*	*Lost*
Harman	2	2	0
Conn	2	1	(draw)
Thomas	2	1	1
Bellingham	2	1	1
Nicholls	1	(draw)	0
Everitt	1	0	1
Joslyn	2	0	2

Wholesale-Depot

Thirty-two members of the staff are curling this season at the Terminal rink. The start was made December 6th and games are played every Wednesday evening after closing. The first round is well under way after three contests, which give a standing of rinks as follows:

Skip	*Played*	*Won*	*Lost*
Brock	3	3	0
Nairn	3	3	0
Poitras	3	2	1
McMicken	3	2	1
Phelan	3	1	2
Ross	3	1	2
Veysey	3	0	3
Thompson	3	0	3

H.B.C. Retail

Forty-eight members of the retail staff are curling this winter at the Deer Lodge rink every Monday evening. But one game of the league series had been played at time of going to press. Standing of the rinks:

Skip	*Played*	*Won*	*Lost*
Ogston	1	1	0
Bowdler	1	1	0
Reith	1	1	0
Scott	1	1	0
Parker	1	1	0
Lee	1	1	0
Hughes	1	0	1
Beggs	1	0	1
Firme	1	0	1
Healy	1	0	1
Pearson	1	0	1
Mills	1	0	1

A Mighty Bowler

Sam Beggs, the popular H.B.C. tailor, accomplished a mighty feat a week or two ago in the bowling alleys. He and his team mates challenged the rest of the store to a match. A doughty team consisting of Messrs. Dunbar, Hughes, Brooks, Cunningham and Bowdler went out to wipe the alleys with Sam's stalwarts.

But Mr. Beggs had earlier in the evening fortified himself with a good draught or two of "home brew" at a friend's house. The picked team of all the talents scored freely, and would have easily won victory had not Sam come to the rescue in every game. His form was so good that his team, mainly through his efforts, won handily. He scored a 226 in one game.

Messrs. Cunningham, Bowdler and others are trying to find the name and address of the said friend of Sam's.

SUGAR AND CREAM

Have heard

—That it would be interesting to ask the chef about the "ribs of a duck."

—That according to the capers of a gentleman from the main floor there were more than "high" spirits at the Christmas party.

—That an elderly gentleman of the carpet department whom we thought above such frivolity was dancing on party night. Hudson's Bay spirit!

—That there was a terrible collision over the teacups between the "ribbons" and the "toys" the other morning!

—That a certain young lady from the main floor finds the grocery basement warmer than the store first thing in the mornings now! Brrr!

Pogo—Let's Go!

WE shall be relieved if the New Year is reached without serious disorder in the family. The trouble arose in the following manner. Mr. Dunbar, shoe department manager, is in the habit of arriving at his desk early to prepare his plans for the day. Morning after morning above his head he heard mysterious, dull thuds repeated rapidly, and heavy bodies falling, which disturbed his meditations greatly. Driven frantic, he rushed upstairs one morning and found that *Toytown* was located above his department.

On further investigation he saw something that amazed him. Several objects like big toads were hopping around. These on closer inspection proved to be Messrs. Scott, Ashbrooke, Stannard, Browne *et al*, taking their morning *pogo* exercise.

Latest developments are that Messrs. Scott and Stannard, on the closing of *Toytown*, December 31st, have signed an engagement to give a series of *pogo* stunts on the local vaudeville stage. Mr. Dunbar threatens violent action if they continue to practice over his head.

It Is Rumored But Not Confirmed That—

—The grocery department staff was at the big party in force December 8th. They were there with a bang. With their yell they sounded like a college crowd.

—The grocery department telephone girls were billed to appear on the programme at the party, but did not perform. We wonder why?

—The little bird has been whispering things about Miss Millar, of the main floor. Says she will be getting into double harness early in the new year. Best of luck, Miss Millar.

—The following ad. should cause quite a response from the men's furnishings department: "Wanted, a porter for grocery telephone office for putting on galoshes. Experience not necessary; must be strong and able. Apply in person to J. Aulis."

—That a certain young lady was seen sitting on a gentleman's knee at the party although there were many vacant chairs near at hand.

—That "Lyon" showed considerable strength while putting on Miss ———'s rubbers after the party.

LAND DEPT. NEWS

LAND Inspectors Nicholls, Morison and Allen have come to Winnipeg head office for the winter months. They also looked starved(?) and emaciated (except the new overcoats)! No doubt vigorous work with the curling "besom" will take off some of the surplus avoirdupois.

TRIBULATIONS OF A LAND INSPECTOR

MANY old-timers will be able to sympathize with the troubles of land inspection in the early eighties. The present generation think that there is real trouble when "Lizzie" kicks, balks, or rolls over and dies. However, this would seem to pale to insignifi-

cance when compared to the following extract taken from a land report dated November 3rd, 1880, addressed to J. S. Dennis, D.L.S.:

"I have also the honor to report that the reason for my delay at St. Leon, tp. 4, rge. 9, from the 26th of September till October 28th was on account of the sickness of my team, the bay mare having thrush (or quittah?), not permitting her to put her foot to the ground for three weeks (I found her very lame the day I got to St. Leon), and the grey mare being played out on account of not being able to get oats for her, roughness of the Tiger hills and the mange."

We read the following in a lighter or more sarcastic mood:

"This section is well adapted to jackfishing or duck shooting, but as for land it is too far down under the water to get at rightly. There is now from one to six feet of water all over it, and, this being a very dry season, it is evident that unless Lake Manitoba is lowered this section can never be of any value."

The fact that this land was subsequently sold shows that someone was interested in duck pasturage.

EASTERN BUYING AGENCY NEWS

We all welcome the news that Mr. Fowles, manager of the H.B.C. Eastern Buying Agency, is now on his holidays. Due to participating in a very strenuous season with the buyers east and also it being impossible to leave his duties during the summer months, Mr. Fowles was unable to obtain his vacation till the present time, and has chosen December as the best month to be absent from the office. He will spend some time basking in sunny Burmuda. The good wishes of his numerous friends and acquaintances go with him on this well-earned holiday.

EDMONTON

Old-Timer Passes

George J. Kinnaird Dies at Edmonton

ONE more of the "old guard" has passed away. George Johnstone Kinnaird, at one time an H. B. Co.'s factor, died last month at Edmonton.

Mr. Kinnaird was 47 years in Canada, twenty-five of which were spent in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. He joined the Company in 1875, and held posts at Oak Point, Manitoba House, Fort Ellice and Edmonton.

At Edmonton, in 1900, he left the service of H.B.C. to become secretary-treasurer of the city. He later went into the accounting business and spent the remaining twenty-two years of his life here.

Santa Arrives by Dog Team

ARRAYED in all his holiday splendor, with sleigh-bells tinkling, bands playing and hosts of attendants and admirers, Santa Claus made his triumphal entry into Edmonton and into the hearts of local kiddies Saturday afternoon, November 26th.

Crowds thronged Jasper avenue about 2.30 o'clock to watch the gay procession file past. Christmas comes but once a year, and all pertaining to the yuletide season is generally hailed with delight.

To the stirring music of the newsboys' and forty-ninth battalion bands, Santa and his admirers made their way along Jasper avenue. Included in the procession were heralds, guards, Indians, old-timers and many other such characters.

It's many a long day since a husky dog team was seen on the streets of Edmonton. This was the mode of conveyance that Santa chose for his official entry into the city in order to make his headquarters in the H.B.C. store.

The kiddies were kept informed each day in the newspapers for a week or so in regard to Santa's adventurous trip down from the North, mention being made of various Hudson's Bay trading

posts which were passed *en route,* many attacks by wolves and other hair-raising episodes of the journey.

Santa was escorted by ten Hudson's Bay trappers wearing the old-time blanket *capotes* and armed with muzzle-loading guns. The order of parade was as follows:

Mounted City Police
Newsboys' Band (40 pieces)
Three Clowns
Three Miniature Riders
(Cowboy, Indian, Mounted Police)
Standard Bearer
Ten Hudson's Bay Men
Dog Team with Driver
Santa Claus
49th Battalion Band

It is needless to say that practically all Edmonton, young and old alike, turned out to witness the parade, which was favoured by ideal weather. So great was the crowd that an announcement had to be made that Santa would not appear in the store the opening day of *Toyland,* but would meet all the kiddies personally on Monday, as he was feeling too tired after his long trip down from the North. This, although a big disappointment to the children, was deemed advisable and for safety's sake, as the store could never have held a fraction of the immense crowds that thronged the whole route of the parade. Once more it is gratifying to know that everything went off without a hitch from beginning to end, and the public were again given a real treat which will be long remembered.

PURELY PROFESSIONAL

"So Clara threw over that young doctor she was going with?"

"Yes, and what do you think? He not only requested her to return his presents, but sent her a bill for forty-seven visits."

Social Items

Mr. Chasey, department manager of men's clothing and furnishings, leaves on January 1st for Europe on an extensive buying trip. It is expected that he will be away for three months on this important business for the Company. In the meantime, Mrs. Chasey and family will reside in Los Angeles.

Miss Irene Hobson, of the stationery department, has decided to enter the bonds of matrimony, leaving the store's employ on Saturday, December 8th. She was presented with a beautiful cut glass bowl by the Company. Her fellow employees wish her life-long happiness.

Mrs. Stobart now fills the important duties left vacant by Mrs. Scott as secretary to Mr. Munro, general manager.

Miss Mona Hare has succeeded Mrs. Stobart as stenographer to the superintendent, Mr. Cunningham.

Miss McVicar, of the silks department, is progressing very slowly after her second operation. Deepest sympathy is extended to her by the whole staff, and we trust she will soom make a complete recovery.

We are also pleased to hear that *Hazel Barker* is now on the road to complete health after several months of sickness and two serious operations.

Miss Heard, head saleslady in the ready-to-wear department, severed her connection with the Company to take up a position in Calgary.

Kathleen Roach was one of the hardest worked girls in the whole store during the Christmas rush. Her duties as post office clerk entailed an immense amount of extra work, and tremendous sums of money passed through her nimble fingers with accurate and speedy efficiency. We must hand it to Kathleen when it comes to brains and a clear head, for the responsibility was great.

H. G. Munro, general manager, and Mr. Wallace, accountant, paid a visit to Calgary on business for the Company.

The store, during December, never looked better in the way of Christmas decorations. The various sections were artistically built up into separate booths for the display of gift merchandise of every description. The display department is to be congratulated.

Miss Wood, of the candy counter, left the store for Los Angeles, where she will in future reside. Her place has been filled by Miss Cummings.

Miss M. Martendale has returned from a visit to England. We are pleased to see her back again looking hale and hearty after her enjoyable visit.

Miss Kirkwood has been transferred from the aisle to the ribbons.

Miss Gates has severed her connection with the store to take up another position in the city. We are sorry to see Anna go, but wish her the best of luck in the future.

J. Wright, assistant window trimmer, is progressing favorably after several weeks in the hospital, where he underwent an operation. We sincerely hope that he will soon be around again and on the job none the worse for his misfortune.

Many changes in our "Hudsonia" dining

room. It's been found necessary to increase the size of our *Hudsonia* dining room in order to accommodate the various functions which are constantly being held. The alterations have now been completed, and we are in a position to accommodate greatly increased numbers.

Many changes have also been made in the dining room staff, and the following newcomers we are pleased to welcome to the store: The *Misses Green, Reeves, Sullivan, Blatchford, Smith, Hunt, Montgomery, and Edmonson.*

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

If the Winnipeg store's delivery staff are thinking of putting on another concert and for a few pointers on "how to get it" during these strenuous times. Our boys are contemplating a stag party in the near future, and it is proposed to follow as nearly as possible the programme as contained in the December number of *The Beaver*. "Who Sang Mother Machree," "Following the Tram Lines Home," and the other numbers will no doubt receive hearty applause, not to speak of the interval for resuscitation and the final chorus of "Homeward Bound."

The reason for the epidemic among the men of wearing "spats," and who started it.

The name of the young lady who took a tumble on the third floor annex, and the reason for her hasty flight.

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
Or a key to the lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?
On the crown of his head what gems are found?
What travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use, when shingling the roof of his mouth,
The nails of the ends of his toes?
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail,
If so, what did he do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'll be hanged if I know; do you?
Can he sit in the shade of the palms of his hands?
Or beat on the drum of his ear?
Does the calf of his leg eat the corn on his toes?
If so, why not grow corn on his ear?

—*P. P.*

Ladies' Mercantile League Dance

The second of the series of dances given by the basketball league proved an unbounded success. One especially good feature was the splendid eight-piece orchestra and the almost entire absence of jazzing.

The time was perfect, and the dancers seemed to fall in with the real spirit of dancing. It is to be hoped that many more events of a like nature will be held during the winter months. The object of these dances, given under the auspices of this league, is to hold the various teams together and ready for another successful season of games as soon as weather permits. The H.B.C. girls are feeling confident of bringing home the cup, and are not one bit discouraged on losing during the final last fall. A very strong aggregation from the mercantile league has been formed from the various teams to play off for the provincial championship in the near future. Good luck to the mercantiles.

LAND DEPARTMENT NOTE

FORTY-ONE years ago last month the following item appeared in the Edmonton *Bulletin:*

The H.B. Co's eastern line cuts about nine feet off the corner of Ross' hotel. Mr. Ross has notified the Company to move their land from under his house, as it was put there without his knowledge or consent.

Won Back a Customer

A MAN from Winnipeg recently bought a pair of child's shoes in the Hudson's Bay Company's department store at Calgary.

Upon returning to Winnipeg, he found the shoes too small for the child. He took them to the shoe department of the Company's Winnipeg store, where the exchange was promptly made. The customer was so pleased with this kind of service that he purchased $25 worth of goods in other departments before leaving the store.

The customer said that he had not previously dealt with the Winnipeg store for many years, but after this incident he expected to order further goods there.

The foregoing is related merely to show how Winnipeg branch helped Calgary, and incidentally aided itself by a simple act of service.

CALGARY

Annual Welfare Association Meeting

ABOUT a year ago the Hudson's Bay employees' welfare association was launched in Calgary after a great deal of preparatory work had been done by men who had the idea and the ideals of the thing in mind, prominent among them being Mr. Sparling, Mr. Mason and the late Frank Reeve.

Last month the association completed its first full year as an organization, although the actual work did not begin until the first of last March.

As is customary, the occasion was celebrated by a general meeting in the *Elizabethan* dining room, and the meeting is one which deserves a place of prominence in the memories of the employees of the Calgary branch.

Our readers will naturally want to know why this is so. There are many reasons why. We had, as a store organization, just completed a Harvest sale, the best Harvest sale, from all information we can secure, that this branch has put on for years and years, despite generally bad business conditions surrounding us.

Although this had little to do with the welfare association, except indirectly, yet the thing which keyed up interest in the meeting to the highest pitch and what made it a real memorable event is the fact that it was at this meeting that the announcements were to be made of the winners of the various prizes in the Harvest sale, the announcements which we promised in the last issue of *The Beaver* we would have ready for this issue.

The championship sales cup was awarded to the drug department, and the service championship cup was awarded to the delivery drivers. These cups were first competed for at the last anniversary sale and are awarded to the departments making the best record, considering all things, that is to say, amount of increase of sales, accuracy of department managers' daily reports, reduction of wages to sales, attractiveness of Harvest sale values, including advertising and display, general appearance, readiness for business, etc. Other things are taken into consideration also, such as late appearances in the morning for business, broken promises, enthusiasm, courtesy, absence of errors, etc.

The meeting was exciting also because of the fact that the winners of the merit buttons were to be announced. This is the first time merit buttons have been awarded. They are well worth winning, because they mean that the employees possessing them have been marked for distinction and for future consideration in connection with promotions, etc. The fact that they are very much worth while makes a real effort necessary to win them. Winners of the merit buttons this first time are to be congratulated heartily on the apparent result of their efforts.

Winners in order of their selection are: *Nellie Morris* (head cashier), for forethought in planning work for others and personal efficiency; *G. M. McKinley* (traveller), for largest individual increase in sales; *R. W. Chamberlain* (hardware salesman), for assistance and support to department service and keeping promises made to customers throughout the sale; *James McCoubrey* (provision salesman), for taking on additional responsibility in emergency, hearty interest in the general work of others in associated departments; *Esther Florence* (cashier), for willingness, ability and general usefulness in assisting cashiers and inspectors, coupled with knowledge of store service and system.

In addition to the awarding of the prizes, the results of the election of officers of the association were announced. Voting had been done several days previously and votes counted.

The results showed that, in addition to *Messrs. L. A. McKeller, R. W. Mason, J. B. Neal, J. A. Walsh, Geo. Benson, A. D. Vair and Lou Doll* (members of the board of directors whose term is not yet finished), there were newly elected the following: *W. S. Vanner,* 252 votes; *Miss A. Miller,* 228 votes; *Geo. Salter,* 218 votes; *R. W. Gibson,* 208 votes; *W. Dexter,* 198 votes; *Miss J. McColl,* 193 votes, and *J. A. Bennett,* 191 votes.

To begin at the beginning of the festivities, supper was served at 6.30 on Tuesday evening, December 5th.

Immediately after supper the opening number of the entertainment was put on, a selection by the newly-organized staff orchestra. The staff was interested in this because it was the first time the orchestra had appeared in public, and after the number was over we all agreed that if present performance considering time allowed for training is any indication, we will soon have a creditable orchestral organization.

Next on the program was an address by Mr. Sparling covering the awards mentioned previously in this article. He included not only interesting information on awards but also on the Harvest sale work in general, work of the association, etc., holding the big audience in suspense by the interest of his subjects. Mr. Sparling mentioned several points in the course of his remarks which are particularly interesting, we believe, to the staff as a whole.

He praised the work of the sick committee of the welfare association, mentioned Miss Simpson's name particularly in this work. He mentioned the success of the association in the way of providing sports and amusements, sick benefits, etc., and in maintaining its finances in good condition, passing on then to other things of interest, including some very interesting remarks about Christmas business and Christmas spirit.

At the conclusion of this address, Miss Fairley, of the music department, sang "My Ain Folk." Next on the program, a song by W. R. Spalding, accompanied by violin and piano. Next a song by Miss McColl. As usual Miss McColl secured an encore, but, instead of favoring her audience with one, she presented Mr. Sparling, on behalf of all members of the welfare association, with a silver cigar box. This had been arranged and contributions secured from every member of the association, and it came as a complete surprise to its recipient.

Next number on the program was a humorous recitation by O. J. Hughes. Mr. Hughes is instructor of the orchestra and was expected to play a violin solo, but, having had an accident to his violin a few minutes previously, he gave a recitation instead, showing quite remarkable versatility. Next was a song by Mr. McGuire.

Following this, Mr. Sparling read a telegram(?) from some place or other describing the arrival of the good ship *Bread Poultice*. Apparently the good ship had had serious difficulty in sailing over the bald-headed prairie about here, inasmuch as it came in piece by piece piloted by four dusky members of the crew, who proceeded to entertain and convulse with a great deal of chatter, songs, etc.

The oration by Charles Tyrrell, able seaman of the crew, brought roars of laughter.

After this number another telegram(?) was read telling all about how our ready-to-wear buyer, Mrs. Clark, had arranged for several lovely French models to perform in Calgary at the meeting. The models appeared upon the scene dressed in the latest and most up-to-date sports costumes, tea gowns, dresses, winter furs, etc. The whole staff was favorably impressed with these models, excepting that a great many of us had had an idea that the French lady was rather small and dainty, or *chic* (we believe that is the correct expression). We must have been somewhat misinformed, however, because these models were of really gigantic stature, except one who in some degree satisfied our previous expectations as to size. Our reporter secured the names of these models later, the names being; *Geo. Salter, Geo. Benson, Geo. Kitson, Bill Kitson, Joe Walsh, Lou Doll, Ben Scedo, and Scoop McLeod.* The French models broke up the party, because after their appearance none of the other actors arranged for had the nerve to come out.

Then the cafeteria was cleared away for dancing, the *Elizabethan* dining room for card playing, and, ably

HARVEST SALE PRIZE WINNERS

1. "Those who, by their energetic teamwork and individual efficiency, lifted the championship sales cup."

THE DRUG DEPARTMENT

Back row (l to r)—H. Tees, M. Fisher, C. Berry, B. Camp, V. Van Meter, E. Dakin.
Front row (l to r)—A. Browne, G. Edmison (buyer), J. Simpson, A. Carter.
Unavoidably absent—N. Robbins, J. Thorn.

2. ESTHER FLORENCE, "last but by no means least."

3. G. M. McKINLEY, who roams the country about spreading H.B.C. merchandise with lavish hand.

4. H. L. SHARPE, the greatest ink and paint slinger in the store.

5. NELLIE MORRIS, the girl who handles our cash.

6. JAMES McCOUBREY, the man who "butters" us and "eggs" us and furnishes us with other nice things.

7. R. W. CHAMBERLAIN, the friend of the householder who needs hardware.

8. *"The boys who delivered the goods."*

DELIVERY DRIVERS, WINNERS OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP SERVICE CUP.

Back row (l to r)—P. Perotti, E. Counsel, A. Montreil, E. Murphy, J. Morrison, W. Proctor.
Front row (l to r)—A. Genereux, E. DuPerrier, F. Garnett (superintendent), H. Bottomly, F. Marles. J. Andrews.
Unavoidably absent—R. Dickson, W. King, C. Deland.

assisted by Mrs. Clark's orchestra, everyone proceeded to enjoy themselves until 12 o'clock.

The remarkable thing about this meeting to us is something which is difficult to describe, although very strongly felt as one sat in the audience during the program. For lack of a better word we will call it *esprit de corps*. Especially during Mr. Sparling's speech one could feel the influence of a sincere good feeling among the members present.

The sincerity of our general manager is beyond question. His remarks are always listened to with interest, and the staff show this when they have an opportunity to hear him speak. They cannot help but sense in his manner, in the tone of his voice and the attitude he

takes toward them that he is working for the best interests of all along right lines for real constructive progress, not only for the Hudson's Bay Company's store here but for the progress of the store's most important part, the human organization attached to it, and, as sincerity usually breeds sincerity, one cannot but feel that the staff itself is sincere with the general manager—they feel his purpose and respond to it. It is this spirit, the spirit of service one to another, which is making our welfare association a success and which is also making our store a success.

News Notes

Mr. Stephens, manager of the grocery department, is wearing a broad smile these days. Two members of his staff won merit buttons for valiant services rendered during the recent Harvest sale competition. J. McCoubrey, of the provision department, and G. M. McKinley, one of the wholesale grocery salesmen, are the deserving winners. Good for the two "Macs."

We are glad to note that Miss Edith Hinde, of the wholesale grocery office, has sufficiently recovered from her operation on Nov. 29th at the general hospital to be removed to her home. We all hope to see Edith back to her old post soon. During her absence Miss I. Godlington has been fulfilling her duties.

It is a great pleasure to announce that Mr. Rae, of the grocery department, is slowly recovering from his long and serious illness. Mr. Rae is an old and highly respected employee, and it was with regret that we made the announcement a few weeks ago that he was very ill.

Fred Russell, of the warehouse, had occasion to visit the station to meet some country friends one night recently when the thermometer was registering something around fifteen below. He was just in time to see a railroad official chalk up on the "arrival" board a notice to the effect that his particular train was one hour late. Somewhat disappointed, he turned to Mrs. R. and suggested a walk to while away the time. On his return he was rather annoyed to find the official had still further delayed the train. Once more they went for a walk around, by this time well-nigh frozen, and returned just as the same railway official was again reaching for his chalk. This was too much for Fred, who excitedly said to Mrs. R, "For the love of Mike, go over and take the chalk away from that fellow or the train will never come in."

The "curling" men at the warehouse have been busy these noon hours studying in-turns and out-turns. Pete Wards seems to be of the opinion that were castors fitted to the stones it would aid considerably in ensuring the "rocks" going over the "hog," thus obviating the necessity for the skip to take any undue liberty with the "king's English."

It is rumoured that Bob Taggart, of the drapery department, has ordered a suit of hardware, as he is complaining of feeling rather drafty sleeping in a tent these days of 30 below.

Mr. Tucker, commonly known as "The Conscientious," has come home again to the H.B.C. drapery department after a lapse of three years. We welcome him with a flat hand.

Mr. Montgomery, of the drapery department work room, celebrated his wooden wedding anniversary. A presentation was made to him of a wooden spoon. He has weathered the storm very well.

IN MEMORY
OF
FRANK R. REEVE
(Our Late Advertising Manager)
WHO DIED
JANUARY 16th, 1922

THE STAFF SHOPPING

LAST year, it will be remembered, a time was arranged for the staff to do Christmas shopping on a Wednesday afternoon when the store would ordinarily be closed entirely. This was so popular and so well liked that we asked for it again this year.

We passed around a paper asking the departments in favor to say so, and those against to say so also, and the result was almost unanimously "Aye!"

By the courtesy of the management, therefore, and by special arrangement, Wednesday afternoon, December 13th, was set aside for this purpose. The store was closed to the outside public, and the time was divided in half so that all of the staff might have an opportunity to shop for half the time. Miss Beggs furnished luncheon for all before the shopping began.

This arrangement seems to be the beginning of an annual occurrence at Calgary. During the press of the Christmas business ordinarily, a great many members whose presence is continually required find it difficult to secure time to do Christmas shopping without interfering with their lunch hour or taking away service to our outside customers. The special shopping day avoids all this difficulty and gives an opportunity for all members to do the bulk of their Christmas shopping to advantage and with time

enough to make a good choice, especially as the store paid two weeks' wages on December 13th.

The whole Calgary staff appreciated this effort on the part of the store management to accommodate and serve them without interfering with the regular business.

The best evidence of their appreciation is the fact that during the staff shopping one and a half times more business was done with the staff alone than was done with the public during the whole of that morning, despite the fact that there was a good average Christmas shopping business done then.

CAN ANYBODY ANSWER THIS QUESTION?

Why is it that so many young lady typists and stenographers in the general manager's office get bitten by the "matrimonial bug?" If variety is any advantage, the office will soon be in top-notch position after the present group of engaged girls leave.

LETHBRIDGE
Store News

Christmas letter to staff from store manager:

Christmas business is now on us. The various departments have made a new record in attractiveness, and the variety of Christmas merchandise is very pleasing to see. There seems to be no doubt in the minds of department managers as to the results to be obtained from the combined efforts of their staff. The spirit of Christmas is evident in the smiles passed between the staff and our patrons.

To the customer: Real cheerful service.

With each other: That co-operation which goes a little further than is required.

By the time the January issue of *The Beaver* arrives we will be into the January sale. Plans are being made to attain something which may be unique, at least in a city of twelve thousand population. It is the intention that on the Saturday previous to the sale a short letter, together with an illustrated folder advertising about nine of the leading values to be offered the first day of the sale, be delivered to *every house* in Lethbridge. It may be quite a task, but tasks are the kind of thing that help us to grow. The only thing we hope is that this weather, consisting of 30 below stuff, may be transferred down to Winnipeg where it belongs.

Heard in the store—

This low gas pressure isn't so bad while the Christmas spirit hangs out.

The other Fellow—But what'll you do New Years? (Nationality please.)

'Tis rumored that now the golf season is off a boy on the top floor comes back evenings to play with the mechanical toys.

By the way, we haven't heard any conversation relative to the purchasing of cigars or stockings lately.

Someone remarked that Mr. Coffey took his holidays in December so as to be able to do all his Christmas shopping (early).

Well, folks, the staff at Lethbridge wish all Beaver readers a happy and prosperous New Year.

KAMLOOPS
Store News

"OUR PET AMBITION"

By Esther Dandy

THERE was a paragraph in the November *Beaver* that every member in every store should "read, study and inwardly digest."

This paragraph was headed "Appreciation," and holds true with only too many of us. People don't appreciate and encourage the efforts of their fellow men enough. If everyone had a word of encouragement and cheer for the man who is anxious to get on it would do much towards carrying him nearer his goal. Ambition must be nourished. Nearly everyone has the ambition, but only too often it is of the dormant variety. Why? Because of the lack of encouragement. They want to gain a higher place in the world, but they haven't that essential quality of "go-after-it-ness," and they are afraid to look for encouragement lest their ambition be ridiculed.

If people could only be brought to realize that it is far better to have tried and failed than not to have tried at all the world would be just so much farther ahead. If, however, they would put all their heart and energy into the trial they need not fail.

Why not start now to cultivate your pet ambition and encourage that of your fellow workers?

Newsettes

The usual meeting of our St. John's ambulance class was held on Tuesday evening, November the 28th. There was an exceptionally good attendance. The lecture, though much shorter than usual, was very interesting, as it dealt with injuries such as burns, scalds, etc., which might occur at any time and to any one of us.

"Congratulations, Mr. Andrews!" Our manager is the proud father of another son.

E. Booth, manager of the men's furnishings department, is much to be congratulated. He has gained at least one step towards realizing his pet ambition. We wish you good luck in your new work, Mr. Booth!

Since the departure of Mr. Booth, W. H. Madill, manager of the boot and shoe department, has been given the management of the men's furnishings department as well. We wish him luck!

Welcome to a new member to our staff! Mr. Winterhalter is working in the boot and shoe department.

"MY TREASURE SHIP"

The time seems very, very long,
Waiting for my ship;
It should have sailed in years ago,
But it hasn't come in yet.

It may have sunk in mid-stream,
Or perhaps the men rebelled
And stole the treasure, then escaped
To some far, foreign land.

But I have waited such a time
To see my treasure ship;
And I must do so many things
That really shouldn't wait.

I promised my sister a movie career,
And mother a trip round the world.
For dad there's a Ford to travel about,
And auntie a wig that stays curled.

Esther has a friend named Alex;
He likes to call her on the phone.
And you should see the way she blushes,
When he says "May I see you home?"

The toy department was a veritable fairyland for the children this year. There were all sorts of wonderful things. There were "Doll City" and "Teddy Bear Villa," and even a "Radio Rex." He is very entertaining and even the grown people would stand before his kennel imploring him to come out.

There was a Santa Claus this year, too, and he presented every boy and girl with a free ticket to a Punch and Judy show. Oh, who wouldn't be a Peter Pan!

The second of our monthly social evenings was held on Nov. 6th in the I.O.O.F. hall and was a huge success. The following were the winners at whist:

Ladies' first—Miss M. E. Barr.
Men's first—J. McCormick.
Ladies' consolation—Miss A. Sargent.
Men's consolation—B. Kenwald.

Immediately following supper there was dancing, which lasted until twelve o'clock.

Our H.B.C. sewing circle is now in full swing, two very enjoyable evenings being spent at the homes of Miss M. McCormick and Miss N. Whitelegg. Miss Barr is very much in demand when there are teacups to be read. We missed Leslie Miller from the sewing circle when it was held at Miss Whitelegg's. Wonder what happened to his car that night.

G. Boden, of the grocery staff, has left for an extended trip to his home in Sherbourne, England.

Lately there have been several promotions in the staff. A. J. Reid has taken G. Boden's place in the grocery department. C. H. Perry, formerly night watchman, is now in Mr. Reid's place, and J. Whitelegg is night watchman. Here's wishing them all success.

SCRIBBLES OF THE MOMENT

Stella, displaying her new coat, which has a high collar—Do you like my new coat?

Howard, fervently—Gee, I wish I was a fur collar!

Our Mary's such a busy worker;
She works most all the time.
We can't, in truth, call her a shirker!
Oh! why has this to rhyme?

All day long she has her work;
And in the evening too.
We're only afraid her name will be "Work"!
But I must stop "th' noo."

We, the members of the Kamloops staff, wish our fellow workers in every store of the Hudson's Bay Company the best of good wishes for Christmas and the coming year.

Query—Why has the office staff been so good lately?

Reply—Our accountant has us well under control nowadays; for each time we are saucy or have a grouch he puts a black mark against our names, and for each mark he claims the privilege of using a sprig of mistletoe at Christmas. Hence our reformation!

SASKATOON Store News

The "baby" of the H.B.C. stores extends the best of New Year wishes to its older brothers and sisters throughout the West.

Employees' Association

THE Hudson's Bay employees' association, Saskatoon branch, is now an accomplished fact. That the work of the organization committee was efficiently handled is evident by the fact that the association starts out with a membership embracing the entire staff.

The organization committee consisted of Mrs. Pearce, Messrs. Andrews, Horniblow, Sutherland and McNichol. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mr. Andrews; vice-president, Miss Noble; second vice-president, Mr. Faulkner; secretary, Miss Buffey; treasurer, Mr. Hurling; executive committee, Mrs. Pearce, Miss Cowie, Miss Miller, Mr. Ling, Mr. Rundle and Mr. McClocklin. The first meeting of the newly elected executive was held on Friday, Dec. 14th, and a program of work outlined.

Employees' Shopping

ENTHUSIASM reached a high pitch during the employees' shopping evening, December 4th. Its success is indicated by the fact that it was necessary to repeat on the following Wednesday evening.

Everyone seemed imbued with the Christmas spirit. Selling was unusually heavy, and everyone seemed to enjoy the evening to the utmost.

To start the evening a special dinner was served the staff in the *Imperial* restaurant at 6.30, for which covers were laid for 160. The dinner hour was enlivened by group singing, vocal and instrumental selections. Mr. Smith, general manager, acted as chairman. Miss Miller presided at the piano, assisted by Mr. Hurling with mandolin. Master Bedford contributed a number of masterly piano selections, and Mr. Chubb was heard to good advantage in two enjoyable vocal solos.

Miss Muzzy, of the superintendent's office, now Mrs. Morrison, was presented with a beautiful cut glass water set from her fellow employees during the dinner in connection with the shopping evening. The presentation was made by Mr. Smith and responded to for the "blushing bride" by Mr. Rundle.

Plans for the January clearance were being perfected at the time of writing. There has been an epidemic of "sales" in Saskatoon during November and December, but we are confident that the magnificent record established by our harvest sale will be equalled, if not surpassed.

The deepest sympathy of the entire staff is extended to Mr. McKenzie, of the shoe department, in his recent sad bereavement.

Mr. Bailey, of the shoe department, has been transferred to the fourth floor. We wish him every success.

Mr. Rundle never lets a chance of boosting for his department slip by, as instanced by his remarks at the employees' dinner.

Miss E. Wald, of Allan, Sask., is a new employee in the ready-to-wear section.

Mrs. MacWhinney, formerly telephone operator in the grocery, has left to reside in Regina. We were sorry to lose her services.

Miss Hamilton is steadily improving in health.

The Premier's Banquet

THE *Imperial* restaurant cannot be commended too highly for the excellent manner in which the banquet tendered to Premier Dunning of Saskatchewan was handled. Five hundred sat down, and the service throughout was without a flaw. Those in charge of organizing were enthusiastic in their praise of the cuisine and the service.

From an advertising standpoint the advantage of this banquet cannot be over-estimated, as Premier Dunning stated his position on the wheat board and his remarks were broadcasted from coast to coast.

More than two hundred farmers from surrounding districts came to Saskatoon especially for the banquet, and everywhere one heard highly complimentary remarks regarding the manner in which everything was handled. Mr. Lear, the chef, and Miss Thornhill, the head waitress, are especially to be congratulated. It is service such as this that is making the Hudson's Bay Company's restaurant the only dining room in Saskatoon.

Christmas Crowds

We have it from reliable and unbiased sources that the crowds of Christmas shoppers thronging the store these days are without counterpart in Saskatoon's history. Morning specials are attracting many early shoppers and make for better service by distributing the business evenly throughout the day, thereby relieving afternoon congestion.

The store presents a remarkably attractive picture in its holiday dress, with Christmas booths gaily decorated and holiday merchandise displayed to best advantage. Every section of every department is making a supreme effort, and the results are highly satisfactory.

Christmas Cheer

That the employees are a unit when it comes to supporting a worthy cause is evidenced by the contribution of more than $100 to the Christmas fund of the *Saskatoon Daily Star*. This fund cares for the needy children of Saskatoon and district, and the good accomplished is inestimable. Mr. Bently, who had charge of the collection of this contribution, is to be congratulated.

YORKTON Store News

General Manager H. N. Louth was on a short buying trip to Winnipeg last month.

We are glad to see Harry, the janitor, back at work again after his severe illness.

Toyland is the "best ever" this year, in the opinion of many of our patrons.

While we were erecting the "fishpond" upstairs in *Toyland,* some of the staff were wondering if mixed bathing would be allowed. (Some fish, eh!)

We notice that many of our young ladies are particularly interested in cake recipes since the Magic baking powder demonstrator was here. This looks very suspicious.

Turkish towels in shades of pink and blue seem to be the latest thing some of our young ladies are collecting.

THE NEW YEAR

New Year's Day is a milestone in the journey of life—a record of the travelled years and a pointer to the journey's end. The life behind us can be reckoned in years, but life ahead is a matter of days, and full of hazard. Anything that we have omitted to do in the old year can only be made sure of accomplishment in the New Year by instant action.

Free your wife and children from anxiety and possible regrets in the New Year by giving them the utmost possible protection through Great-West Life Insurance. Take out a policy today. Tomorrow it may be unobtainable.

Consult any of our Agents or write direct to Head Office for rates at age and various policy plans.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Dept. "D-30" **Head Office: WINNIPEG, CANADA**

A MISTAKE

In one of the large cities a street car collided with a milk cart and upset many cans of milk into the street. Soon a large crowd collected. A short man coming up had to stand on tip-toe to see past a stout woman who stood in front of him.

"Goodness," he exclaimed, "what an awful waste."

The stout woman turned round and glared at him and said gruffy "Mind your own business."

DEFERRED HOPE

"Is Mr. Hansen courting you, Alice?" her chum Doris asked her one day.

"Not exactly—yet," admitted Alice. "But he is approaching step by step."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, when he first called he sat all the evening with a post-card album in his lap."

"Yes."

"Next time he sat with my poodle in his lap."

"Well?"

"Last night he took my little brother on his knee. So you see, I hope it will soon be my turn."

HIS NEWS CENTRE

Pat O'Brien met Mike Casey coming out of the local police court.

"Oi had a most illigant toime on Saturday, O'Brien. Sure, 'twas the toime av me life."

"Indeed, and how was that?"

"Why, Oi was at the Blue Pig and niver a thing do Oi remimber after about 7.30."

"But if ye can't remimber anything, Mike, how do ye know that ye had such an illigant toime?"

"How do Oi know?" repeated Casey. "Well, Oi've just overheard a policeman telling the magistrate all about it."

A FUTURIST WORKER

"You look tired."

"Well, it's hard work carrying a hod of bricks up to the third story."

"Have you been doing it long?"

"No—I start to-morrow!"

WELL, WHO WAS SHOT?

A duel was fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There is a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot or that Nott was shot notwithstanding.

Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may yet be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself.

Apparently the shot Shott shot shot not Shott but Nott. Anyway it is hard to tell who was shot.

OBEDIENT

While a "bonspiel" was in progress on the curling pond a local worthy, who was plying the "cowe," directed the minister to "plant it noo richt up to the pulpit!"

"Grand, man, meenister!" shouted his director excitedly, "ye've just deen 'zactly as ye was telt!"

"Ay," spoke up the reverend gentleman's little son, who was an interested onlooker, "and that's just what he has to do at home, too!"

HE PROVED IT

A sudden sound of whistling disturbed the air of the classroom, and the strains of "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" floated over forty small heads bent over forty small slates.

"Who's that whistling?" screamed the teacher, as soon as she had recovered from her surprise.

"It's just masel'," answered little Jock McGay, with true Scottish imperturbability. "Did ye no ken Ah cud whustle?"

A SAVING

O'Brien—So the landlord lowered the rint for yez. He'll save money on that.

Casey—How?

O'Brien—Shure, it's less he'll be losin' when ye don't pay it.

SENSELESS RUIN!

FOUR thousand forest fires swept through Canada's priceless forests last year. Timber lands turned to charcoal! Woodland playgrounds, where hunting, fishing and camping were once the delight of sportsmen, now a mass of blackened stumps and shrivelled wreckage of the holocaust. In the path of the flames lie farms with ruined soil; the fur trade is dead; towns have been wiped out.

Who pays? Every citizen today, and for generations, will be called upon to bear a portion of the COST.

Canadian citizens: It is you who must act to stop this menace—to stay the fire fiend in the North Country.

The Canadian Forestry Association aims to block forest fires by striking at the human source. It also develops tree planting on the bare prairies and in towns and cities. The association is carrying along a nation-wide educational campaign against forest fires in its illustrated *Canadian Forestry Magazine*.

The association itself is a voluntary banding together of thoughtful, patriotic Canadians—not political or governmental—for the purpose of rendering an important national service.

Help fight forest fires by joining this association of good citizens. The membership fee of two dollars also brings a year's issues of the *Forestry Magazine*, a non-technical monthly, popularly written and with scores of pictures.

Write today to

ROBSON BLACK, Manager

CANADIAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION

OTTAWA, ONTARIO